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ENGLISH

RM

FOLK-SONGS

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND PROVIDED WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE
PIANOFORTE

BY

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PREFACE.

THE songs contained in the present book are only a portion of a large collection gathered from various sources during many years. The majority of them have been noted down from the lips of the singers in London streets, roadside inns, harvest homes, festivals on the occasion of sheep shearing, at Christmas time, at ploughing matches, rural entertainments of several kinds, and at the "unbending" after choir suppers in country districts. A few of them are still sung, some have completely disappeared from among the people by whom they were once favoured. A considerable number of the songs which have been selected for this present book have not until now found their way into print. The words of some are occasionally to be met with in the broadsides printed fifty years ago, and the several editions issued from the press of Catnach, Pitts, Ryle, Evans, and others in London; with those printed at Preston, Birmingham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Paisley, Glasgow, &c., have been collated, as far as possible, in order to avoid obvious corruptions of the text. No other emendations have been made. The melodies have all been derived from the singers themselves, and in one or two instances most valuable help in this direction has been given by Miss Josephine Crampton and Mr. Arthur Page. The accompaniments have been made by the Editor, with the exception of that to the "Birds in the Spring," which is the work of Mr. B. W. Horner.

The quaint and simple beauties of many of the tunes will commend them to those for whom an artless air has many charms. They will also serve as a link in the chain of evidence of the love of music among unsophisticated English folk, especially when it is considered that the melodies probably originated among the people themselves. The songs do not belong to any particular county, but are popular in many places; each district where the same song is found embellishing it with local peculiarities of dialect. This does not necessarily prove its origin or restrict its character. The short notes appended to each song tell as much of their history as may interest the reader or the singer. If the few specimens here given become as popular in the new sphere into which they are now qualified to enter as in that in which they have been the solace and delight of old and young for many years past, it is only necessary to say that there are many more of like kind waiting for further introduction.

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No. 1. GOOD MORNING, PRETTY MAID.

VOICE. 1. Good

PIANO.

morn-ing, pret - ty maid, where are you go - ing? To range these fields so

p

fair, there's no man know - ing. I think too bold you are, to

range these fields so fair, In dan-ger ev-'ry - where, thou charm-ing mai - den.

Good morning, pretty maid, where are you going?
To range these fields so fair, there's no man knowing.
I think too bold you are, to range these fields so fair,
In danger everywhere, thou charming maiden.

A charming maid I am, sir, she replied,
Without any guile or care, to no man tied;
My recreations are, to range these fields so fair,
To take the pleasant air, thou boasting stranger.

A farmer's son I am, your nighest neighbour,
Great store of wealth I have, by honest labour;
So if you will agree, soon married we will be,
For I'm in love with thee, thou charming maiden.

A farmer's wife must work, both late and early
Like any foreign Turk, therefore believe me,
I don't intend to be a servant bound to thee,
To do thy drudgery, thou boasting stranger.

This song has been preserved by tradition in Gloucestershire for many years. Through one family it can be traced back as far as the year 1750, and it may be still older.

No 2.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

VOICER. *Lightly.*

PIANO. *mp*

am a brisk and bon - ny lass, all free from care and strife, . . . And

sweet - ly does each hour . . . pass, I love a coun - try life; . . . At

wake or fair oft I am there, where plea - sure's to . . . be seen, . . . Though

THE COUNTRY LASS.



I AM a brisk and bonny lass, all free from care and strife,
And sweetly does each hour pass, I love a country life ;
At wake or fair oft I am there, where pleasure's to be seen,
Though poor, I am contented, and as happy as a queen.

I rise up in the morning my labour to pursue,
And with my yoke and milk-pail I tread the morning dew ;
My cows I milk, and there I taste the sweets that nature yields,
The lark she soars to welcome it into the flowery fields.

And when the meadows they are mown, my part I then must take,
And with the village maids I go the hay to make,
Where friendship, love, and harmony, amongst us there is seen,
The swains invite the village maids to dance upon the green.

Then in the time of harvest how cheerfully we go,
Some with hooks and sickles, and some with scythes to mow ;
And when the corn is safe from harm, we have not far to roam,
But all await to celebrate and welcome harvest home.

In winter when the cattle is fothered with straw,
The cock doth crow to wake me, my icy stream to draw,
The western winds may whistle and northern winds may blow,
'Tis health and sweet contentment the country lass doth know.

So in winter or in summer we are never thought to grieve,
In the time of need each other will their neighbours oft relieve,
So still I think a country life all others does surpass,
I sit me down contented, a happy country lass.

This version comes from Shoreham, Sussex. The song is popular in many Counties North and South.

No. 3.

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

VOICE. *With spirit.*

PIANO. *With spirit.*
f

1. Come all you jol - ly plough - men of cou - rage stout and bold, That

p *p*

la - bour all the win - ter, in stor - my winds and cold, To

clothe the fields with plen - ty, your farm-yard to re - new, To

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "crown them with con - tent - ment, be - hold the pain - ful plough.*". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the piano part.

Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter in stormy winds and cold,
To clothe the fields with plenty, your farm-yard to renew,
To crown them with contentment, behold the painful plough.

Hold, ploughman, said the gardener, don't count your trade with ours,
Walk thro' the garden and view the early flowers,
Also the curious borders and pleasant walks to view ;
There's no such neat and pretty work performed by the plough.

Hold, gardener, said the ploughman, my calling don't despise,
Each man for his living upon his trade relies ;
Were it not for the ploughman both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all dependent on the painful plough.

Adam in the garden was sent to keep it right,
But the length of time he stayed there—I believe it was one night ;
Yet of his own labour I call it not his due,
Soon he lost his garden and went to hold the plough.

For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing first begun,
The next that did succeed him was Cain the eldest son ;
Some of the generation the calling now pursue,
That bread may not be wanting remains the painful plough.

Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander for to conquer was all his daily prize,
King David he was valiant, and many thousands slew,
Yet none of these brave heroes could live without the plough.

Behold the wealthy merchant that trades in foreign seas,
And brings forth gold and treasure for those that live at ease,
With finest silks and spices, and fruits and dainties too,
They are brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough.

For they must have bread, biscuit, rice pudding, flour, and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas,
Yet ev'ry man that brings them here will own to what is true—
He cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough.

I hope there's none offended at me for singing of this,
For it was not intended for anything amiss ;
If you consider rightly, you'll find what I say is true,
For all that you can mention depends upon the plough.

This is a North Country song. The melody is quite ecclesiastical in style.

* The word "plough" should be made to rhyme with "renew," &c.

No. 4.

OLD MAY SONG.

Lively, and yet steadily.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *f*

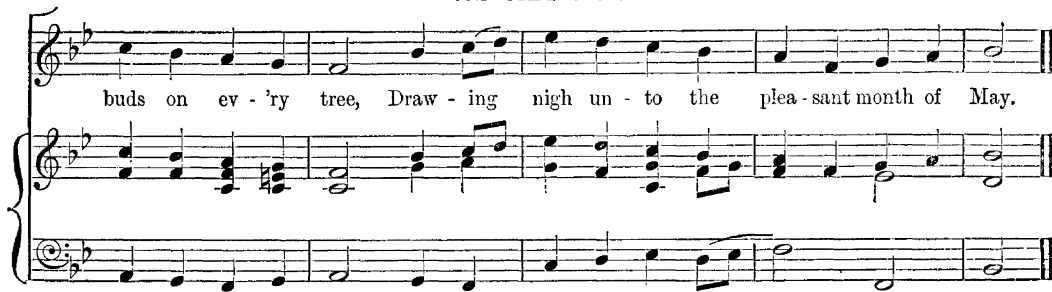
1. All in this plea-sant

p

ev - en - ing to - geth - er come are we, For the Sum - mer springs so

fresh and green and gay; We'll tell you of a blos - som that

OLD MAY SONG.



ALL in this pleasant evening together come are we,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
We'll tell you of a blossom that buds on every tree,
Drawing nigh unto the pleasant month of May.

Rise up the Master of this house, put on your chain of gold,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
We hope you're not offended—with your house we make so bold—
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the Mistress of this house, with gold along your breast,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
And if your body be asleep, I hope your soul's at rest
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the children of this house in all your rich attire,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
For every hair upon your head shines like a silver wire:
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, ye little children, and stand all in a row,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
We should have called you one by one, but your names we did not know:
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the little infant, the flower of the flock,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
The cradle you do lay in, it stands upon a rock:
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the fair maid of the house, put on your gay gold ring,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay,
And bring to us a can of beer—the better we shall sing:
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Fair Flora in her prime, down by yon riverside,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
Where little birds are singing, sweet flowers they are springing,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and your store,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
We hope the Lord will prosper you both now and evermore:
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

So now we're going to leave you in peace and plenty here,
For the Summer springs so fresh, and green, and gay;
We shall not sing this song again until another year,
Drawing nigh unto the pleasant month of May.

This is a Yorkshire and Lancashire song.

No. 5.

THE PEACE-EGGER'S SONG.

VOICE. *Gaily.*

1. Oh!

PIANO. *mf* *p*

here come three jo - vial boys all in a line, We are

pp

com - ing peace eg - ging if you will prove kind; If . .

pp

you will prove kind with your eggs and strong beer, We'll

THE PEACE-EGGER'S SONG.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'come no more sing - ing un - til the next year. . . Fol de'. The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with 'rid - dle dol, fol de ra, fol de rid - dle dol di dey.' and is marked *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and includes the instruction *With the voice.*

OH! here come three jovial boys all in a line,
 We are coming peace-egging if you will prove kind;
 If you will prove kind with your eggs and strong beer,
 We'll come no more singing until the next year.
 Fol de riddle dol, fol de ra, fol de riddle dol di dey!

Here's Miss Molly, my lady, she lives in the west,
 For brewing strong beer I think she's the best;
 All the money she's got lies in the south-west,
 And a pound of brown sugar and a half-score of eggs.
 Fol de riddle dol, fol de ra, fol de riddle dol di dey!

The next that steps up is Lord Nelson, you see,
 With a bunch of blue ribbon tied down to his knee,
 With a star on his breast which like silver doth shine,
 And I hope you'll remember this peace-egging time.
 Fol de riddle dol, fol de ra, fol de riddle dol di dey!

Now, Jack, Will, and Harry, it's time to give in,
 Now, Jack, Will, and Harry, it's time to give in.
 If you give us nowt, we'll take nowt, farewell and good-bye,
 If you give us nowt, we'll take nowt, farewell and good-bye.
 Fol de riddle dol, fol de ra, fol de riddle dol di dey!

Sung by the village boys in Cheshire for eggs or pennies in Holy Week, or upon Easter Monday. They go from house to house, and are commonly called "Peace-egggers."

No. 6.

SHEEP-SHEARING DAY.

VOICE. *Merrily.*

PIANO. *f*

1. Come, brave boys, and let us be jol - ly,

f *f*

Drive a - way all me - lan - cho - ly, For this night mer - ry

be we may, Be - cause it is our sheep - shear - ing day.

SHEEP-SHEARING DAY.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'Why should we dis - a - gree, Al - ways keep good com - pa - ny,'. The piano accompaniment has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'For this night mer-ry be we may, Be - cause it is our sheep-shear-ing day.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

COME, brave boys, and let us be jolly,
Drive away all melancholy;
For this night merry be we may,
Because it is our sheep-shearing day.

Why should we disagree?
Always keep good company,
For this night merry be we may,
Because it is our sheep-shearing day.

Old King Solomon, in all his glory,
Taught to we a pretty story,
Told us to sing praise and glory
If we'd wish to merry be.
Why should we, &c.

Keep your hands from picking and stealing,
And your tongues from evil speaking;
In all those things take no delight, I say,
Because it is our holiday.
Why should we, &c.

This song comes from Twynning in Gloucestershire.

No. 7.

HARVEST HOME SONG.

VOICE.
(ad lib.)

Steadily.

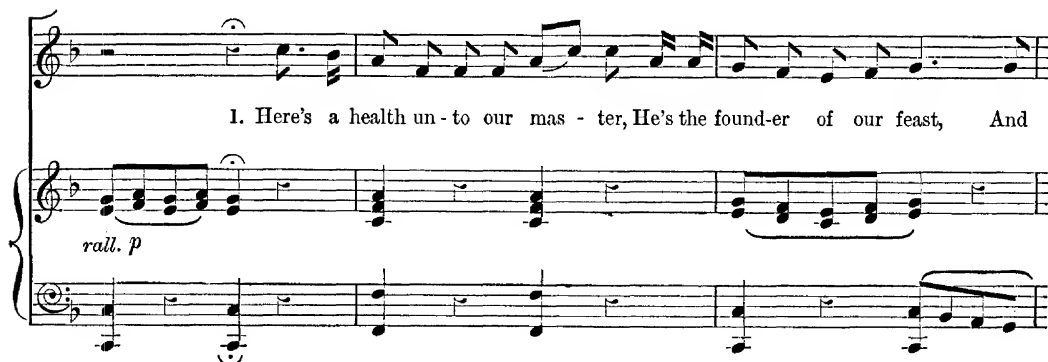
PIANO.

mf

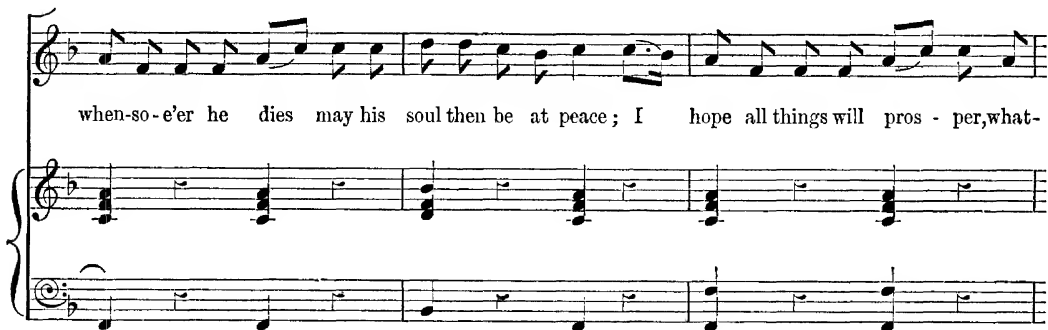


1. Here's a health un - to our mas - ter, He's the found-er of our feast, And

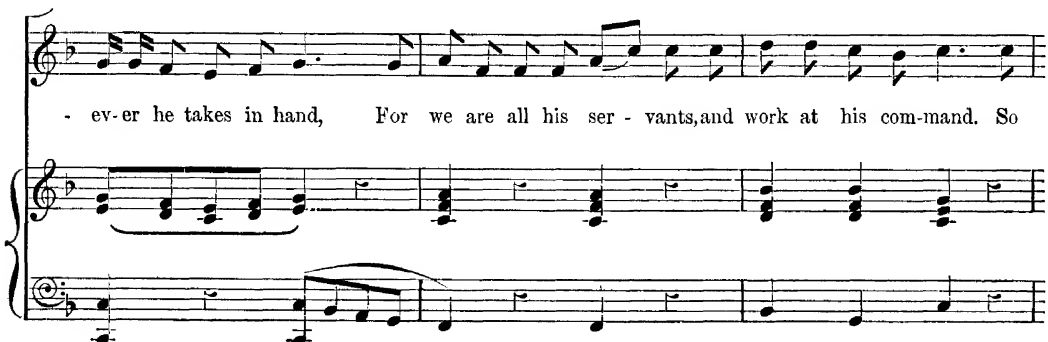
rall. p



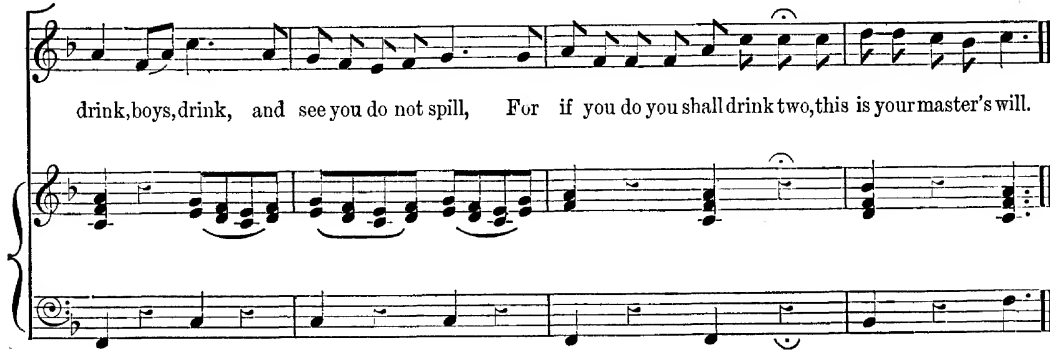
when-so-e'er he dies may his soul then be at peace; I hope all things will pros - per, what-



- ev-er he takes in hand, For we are all his ser - vants, and work at his com-mand. So



HARVEST HOME SONG.



HERE'S a health unto our master,
 He's the founder of our feast,
 And whensoe'er he dies,
 May his soul then be at peace,
 I hope all things will prosper
 What ever he takes in hand,
 For we are all his servants,
 And work at his command.
 So drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,
 For if you do you shall drink two, this is your master's will.

Our harvest now is ended,
 And supper it is past,
 Here is our mistress's good health
 In a full flowing glass.
 She is a rare good woman,
 For she prepares good cheer ;
 Come one, come all, my heroes,
 And bravely drink your beer.
 So drink, boys, drink, until you come to me,
 For the longer we do sit, boys, the merrier we shall be.

In you green wood there lies an old fox
 A mumping of his chops,
 Close by his den you may catch him some knocks,
 So catch him, so catch him, my boys.
 Ten thousand to one you can't catch him or not,
 His beard and brush are the same.
 I am sorry your tankard is empty, good sir,
 For it is all run adown the red lane.
 Down the red lane, 'tis gone down the red lane,
 For we will merrily hunt the fox adown the red lane.

A version of this song is printed in "The Scouring of the White Horse," but its popularity is not confined to Berkshire and Wiltshire.

No. 8.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

VOICE.

1. 'Tis

PIANO.

rall.

of an hon - est far - mer, He sent his men to plough, . . All

for to kill John Bar - ley - corn, They could not well tell how. . . They

ploughed him in a fur-row so deep, Laid clods up - on . . his head. . . Went

JOHN BARLEYCORN.



'Tis of an honest farmer,
 He sent his men to plough,
 All for to kill John Barleycorn,
 They could not well tell how.
 They ploughed him in a furrow so deep,
 Laid clods upon his head,
 Went home and swore they'd plough no more,
 For John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lay a little while
 Till a shower of rain did fall ;
 John Barleycorn sprung up again,
 And so amazed them all.
 They let him stand till the Midsummer time,
 Till he grew nicely green,
 When they hired men and maidens
 To weed John Barleycorn clean.

They let him stand till the harvest time,
 Till his beard grew long and grey ;
 They hired men all with long scythes
 To cut him down by the knee ;
 They tied him tight with many bands
 And laid him to bleed and die,
 And that's how they served John Barleycorn—
 They served him bitterly.

They hired men all with long forks
 To stab him to the heart,
 And like a thief or forgerer,
 They bound him to a cart.
 Good lack, good lack, how they wheeled him along,
 Till they got him into some barn,
 And there they made a heap of him,
 To keep him still from harm.

They hired new men with crab sticks long
 To beat his skin from bones,
 But the miller he served him ten times worse,
 For he ground him betwixt two stones.
 Next comes the brewers man
 All in a fluster and quarrel ;
 He mashed him well, and he bashed him well,
 And he bunged him down tight in a barrel.

Red wine looks well in an English glass,
 White wine looks well in a can,
 But Barleycorn all in a brown bowl
 Still proves the most noblest man.
 Then drink a health to John Barleycorn,
 Then drink with three times three,
 And let him die, that he may live,
 And cheer our hearts with glee.

There are many versions of this song, all more or less varied according to locality. The general idea is the same in all ; the variations arise from peculiarities of dialect and customs.

No. 9.

HUNTING SONG.

VOICE. *Cheerfully.*

PIANO. *Like horns.*

1. In Stee - ple - ford town, in Not - ting - ham - shire, A

pack of fox - hounds, I vow and de - clare, Came hunt - ing bold Rey - nard and

made the woods ring; 'Tis a plea - sure to ride be - fore lord, duke or king, To my

HUNTING SONG.



In Steepleford town, in Nottinghamshire,
A pack of foxhounds, I vow and declare,
Came hunting bold Reynard and made the woods ring ;
'Tis a pleasure to ride before lord, duke, or king,
To my twivy, O vivy, O running tantivy,
O fal de ral lal ral lal lal de ral day.

Over hedge, over ditch, over gate, and o'er stile,
And lofty high mountains, and valleys did ride ;
We ran him so hard we thought he must die,
But he climbed an old house that was three storeys high,
To my twivy, &c.

Then, Sir Rupert, his horse he gave to a friend,
And down from the house-top old Reynard did send ;
There was Sweet Lips and Jewel on him in a twine,
And Marble and Phylis laid him in a line,
To my twivy, &c.

Then up came Squire Warren on his gelding grey,
And swore that old Reynard he should have fair play :
He whipped the dogs off, and he set him at large,
Saying, If he do beat he shall have his discharge.
To my twivy, &c.

We ran him and forty long miles did pursue,
And once more our huntsman he sounded a view,
But old Reynard he bolted clean under the ground,
And left them all there in a high roaring sound,
To my twivy, &c.

Here's a health to Squire Warren wheresoever he be,
Likewise to his lady and their whole family,
I will drink their good healths with all my whole heart,
All out of a bumper, a gallon or a quart,
To my twivy, &c.

The Warrens were Lords of the Manor of Stapleford Village, here called Steepleford town.

No. 10.

THE BUFFALO.

VOICE. *Smoothly.*

PIANO. *Smoothly.*

1. Come

all you young fel - lows that have a mind to range, . . In -

- to some for - eign coun - try your sta - tion for to change, . . In -

- to some for - eign coun - try a - way from home to go, . We

THE BUFFALO.

lay down on the banks of the plea-sant O - hi - o. . . We'll

wan-der thro' the wild woods, and we'll chase the buf - fa - lo, . . . we'll chase the buf - fa -

- lo, . . . we'll wan-der thro' the wild . . woods, and chase the buf - fa - lo. . .

Come all you young fellows that have a mind to range,
 Into some foreign country your station for to change,
 Into some foreign country away from home to go,
 We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio,
 We'll wander through the wild woods and we'll chase the buffalo.

There are fishes in the river that is fitting for our use,
 And high and lofty sugar-canes that yield us pleasant juice,
 And all sorts of game, my boys, besides the buck and doe,
 We lay down on the banks, &c.

Come all you young maidens, come spin us up some yarn,
 To make us some new clothing to keep ourselves full warm,
 For you can card and spin, my girls, and we can reap and mow,
 We will lay down on the banks, &c.

Supposing these wild Indians by chance should come us near,
 We will unite together our hearts all free from care,
 We will march down into the town, my boys, and give the fatal blow,
 We will lay down on the banks, &c.

This is an emigrant's song, and probably belongs to the early part of the eighteenth century. It was very popular with Londoners.

No. 11. DRINK LITTLE ENGLAND DRY.

VOICE. *Rather lively and with spirit.*

PIANO. *Rather lively and with spirit.*

f

1. Drink, my boys, and ne'er give o'er, Drink un-til you can't drink no more, For the

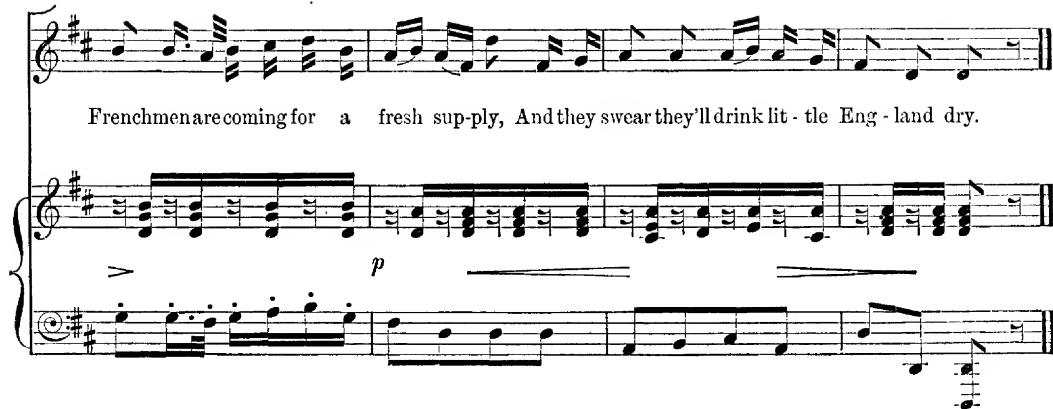
mf *cres.* *f*

Frenchmen are com-ing for a fresh sup-ply, And they swear they'll drink lit-tle Eng-land dry.

Paddie widdie waddie widdie, bow, wow, wow, Paddie widdie waddie widdie, bow, wow, wow, For the

p

DRINK LITTLE ENGLAND DRY.



DRINK, my boys, and ne'er give o'er,
 Drink until you can't drink no more,
 For the Frenchmen are coming for a fresh supply,
 And they swear they'll drink little England dry.
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 For the Frenchmen are coming for a fresh supply,
 And they swear they'll drink little England dry.

They may come, the frogs of France,
 But we'll teach them a new-fashioned dance,
 For we'll pepper their jackets most ter-ri-bully,
 Afore they'll drink little England dry.
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 For we'll pepper their jackets most ter-ri-bully,
 Afore they'll drink little England dry.

They may come as they may think,
 But they shall fight afore they drink,
 For the guns they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly
 Afore they'll drink little England dry.
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 For the guns they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly
 Afore they'll drink little England dry.

Then drink, my boys, and ne'er give o'er,
 Drink until you can't drink no more,
 For the Frenchmen's brags are all my eye,
 And they'll never drink little England dry.
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 Paddie, widdie, waddie, widdie, bow, wow, wow,
 For the Frenchmen's brags are all my eye,
 And they'll never drink little England dry.

Written at the time of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, 1800.

No. 12.

YE SONS OF ALBION.

VOICE. *Boldly.*

1. Ye

PIANO. *Boldly.*
f

sons of Al - bion, rise to arms, And meet the haught - y band; They

mf

threat - en us with war's a - larms, And ru - in to our land; But let

no reb - el French - man sans - cul -ottes Nor the dupes of tyr - ran - ny

p

YE SONS OF ALBION.

1

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'boast . . . To . . . con - quer the Eng - lish, the I - rish and the Scots, Or to'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) under the first measure. The second system continues the vocal line with 'land up - on our coast, . . . or to land up - on our coast.' and the piano accompaniment. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time.

Ye Sons of Albion, rise to arms,
And meet the haughty band;
They threaten us with war's alarms,
And ruin to our land.

Chorus. But let no rebel Frenchman sans-culottes,
Nor the dupes of tyranny boast
To conquer the English, the Irish, and the Scots,
Or to land upon our coast.

There's hopeless Holland wears their yoke,
And so doth faithless Spain,
But we will give them hearts of oak,
And drive them from the main.

Chorus.

The rulers of the universe
They proudly wish to be,
But they shall meet with due reverse.
For England shall be free !

Chorus

This is another of the patriotic songs called forth by the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon. It was a great favourite with the "Navvies" who made the railways.

No. 13. THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

VOICE. *Moderate pace.*

PIANO. *Moderate pace.*

1. A

dam-sel possess'd of great beau-ty, . . . She stood by her own father's gate. . . . The

gallant Hussars were on du - ty, . . . To view them this maiden did wait. . . . Their

THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

horses were cap'ring and prancing, Their accoutrements shone like a star, . . . From the

plain they were nearest advancing, . . . She espied her young gallant Hussar. . . .

A DAMSEL possessed of great beauty,
 She stood by her own father's gate,
 The gallant hussars were on duty,
 To view them this maiden did wait ;
 Their horses were capering and prancing,
 Their accoutrements shone like a star,
 From the plain they were nearest advancing,
 She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pellisses were slung on their shoulders,
 So careless they seemed for to ride,
 So warlike appeared these young soldiers,
 With glittering swords by each side.
 To the barracks next morning so early,
 This damsel she went in her car,
 Because she loved him sincerely—
 Young Edward, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
 These words he was heard for to say,
 Said Jane, "I've heard none more bolder,
 To follow my laddie away."
 "O fie !" said young Edward, "be steady,
 And think of the dangers of war,
 When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
 So wed not your gallant Hussar."

For twelve months on bread and cold water,
 My parents confined me for you,
 O hard-hearted friends to their daughter,
 Whose heart it is loyal and true ;
 Unless they confine me for ever,
 Or banish me from you afar,
 I will follow my soldier so clever,
 To wed with my gallant Hussar.

Said Edward, "Your friends you must mind them,
 Or else you are for ever undone,
 They will leave you no portion behind them,
 So pray do my company shun."
 She said, "If you will be true-hearted,
 I have gold of my uncle in store,
 From this time no more we'll be parted,
 I will wed with my gallant Hussar."

As he gazed on each elegant feature,
 The tears they did fall from each eye,
 I will wed with this beautiful creature,
 And forsake cruel war, he did cry.
 So they were united together,
 Friends think of them now they're afar,
 Crying, "Heaven bless them now and for ever,
 Young Jane and her gallant Hussar."

The melody of this song, which is a London street melody, has been frequently employed in connection with comic songs of the past.

No. 14.

SHEEP SHEARING.

VOICE. *Boldly.*

PIANO. *f*



1. Come all my jol - ly

mf



boys, to - geth - er we will go, A - bout with our cap - tain to



shear the lamb and ewe, In the mer - ry month of June of all times in the



SHEEP SHEARING.



COME all my jolly boys, and together we will go,
About with our captain to shear the lamb and ewe,
In the merry month of June of all times in the year,
'Tis always the season, the ewes and lambs to shear.

And then we must work hard, boys, until our backs do ache,
And our master he do bring us beer whenever we do lack ;
Our master he comes round to see our work is doing well,
And he cries "Shear them close, men, for there is but little wool."

O yes, good master, we reply, we'll do well as we can,
When our captain calls "Shear close, boys" to each and every man ;
At some places still we have this story all day long,
"Close them, boys, and shear them well," and this is all their song.

And then our noble captain doth unto our master say,
"Come, let us have one bucket of your good ale, I pray" ;
He turns unto our captain, and makes him this reply :
"You shall have the best of beer, I promise, presently."

Then out with the bucket pretty Betsy she doth come,
And master says : "Maid, mind and see that every man has some" ;
This is some of our pastime while the sheep we do shear,
And though we are such merry boys we work hard I declare.

And when 'tis night, and we have done, our master is more free,
And stores us well with good strong beer, and pipes and tobaccoee ;
So we do sit and drink, we smoke, and sing, and roar,
Till we become more merry, far, than e'er we were before,

When all our work is done, and all our sheep are shorn,
Then home to our captain to drink the ale that's strong,
'Tis a barrel then of wine cup which we call the "Black Ram,"
And we do sit and swagger and swear that we are men.

But yet before 'tis night, I'll stand you half-a-crown
That, if you have a special care, the Ram will knock you down.
What comes from butt will go to butt, so all you have a care ;
Don't lose your head, nor lose your wool, when you the sheep do shear.

This is a Sussex sheep-shearing song, still sung at Shoreham at the proper season.

No. 15.

MAY SONG.

PIANO. *Sweetly.*

1. Come lis - ten a - while unto what we shall
say .. Con - cern - ing the sea - son of what we call May ; For the flow'rs they are
springing, the birds they do sing, For the ba-siers are sweet in the morning of May.

COME and listen awhile unto what we shall say
Concerning the season of what we call May ;
For the flowers they are springing, the birds they do sing,
For the basiers* are sweet in the morning of May.

When the trees are in bloom and the meadows are green,
The sweet-smelling cowslips are plain to be seen,
The sweet ties of Nature which we plainly do say,
For the basiers are sweet in the morning of May.

All creatures are deemed, in their station below,
Such comforts of love on each other bestow ;
Our flocks they're all folded and young lambs sweetly do play,
And the basiers are sweet in the morning of May.

So now to conclude with much freedom and love,
The sweetest of blessings proceeds from above ;
Let us join in our song, that right happy may we be,
For we'll bless with contentment in the morning of May.

* Basiers, *i.e.*, bear's-ears, the local name for the auricula.

This song is still popular in Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is supposed to belong to the latter part of the 17th century.

No. 16. CUPID, THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

VOICE. *Gracefully.*

1. As I walk'd out one morn-ing when

PIANO. *mf* *rall.* *mf*

May was all in bloom, I walk'd in-to a meadow sweet to smell the soft perfume; As I walk'd in that flow'-ry vale I

turn'd my head awhile, When I saw Cupid the pretty ploughboy, which did my heart beguile.

or—
did my heart beguile.

As I walked out one morning when May was all in bloom,
I walked into a meadow sweet to smell the soft perfume;
As I walked in that flowery vale I turned my head awhile,
When I saw Cupid the pretty ploughboy, which did my heart beguile.

As this young man was a-ploughing, with his furrows deep and low,
Breaking his clods to pieces some barley for to sow,
I wish the pretty ploughboy mine eyes had never seen,
Oh, it's Cupid the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

A worthy, rich young gentleman, a-courting to me came,
And because I would not marry him, my parents did me blame;
Adieu, young man, for ever; farewell, farewell, adieu,
It's Cupid the pretty ploughboy, which has caused my heart to rue.

If I should write a letter addressed to this young man,
Perhaps he'd take it scornfully and say it was in vain,
Perhaps he'd take it kindly and write to me again,
O, it's Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

Now the ploughboy, hearing this lady most sadly to complain,
Cried out, "My dearest jewel, I will ease you of your pain,
If you will wed with a ploughboy I will for ever prove true,
It's you my heart have wounded, and I love no one but you."

The lady soon consented to be his lawful bride,
Then straight unto the church they went, and there the knot was tied,
And now they live in splendour for they have gold in store,
The lady and the ploughboy each other do adore.

This was one of the songs most frequently printed at Seven Dials by Pitts, Catnach, Ryle, etc., up to about the year 1840.

No. 17.

THE OLD FARMER.

VOICE. *Lively.*

PIANO. *Lively.*
mf

1. I

have been trav'ling twen-ty long years, I've ram-bled a-bout in the world, . . . And

ma-ny a brave fel-low I have seen most gra-cious-ly to be-hold; . . . To

pick up a liv-ing in all the land, my song is all true I vow; . . . For there's

THE OLD FARMER.



I HAVE been trav'ling twenty long years, I have rambled about in the world,
And many a brave fellow I have seen most graciously to behold ;
To pick up a living all in the land, my song is all true I vow ;
For there's none so rare as can compare with the fellows that follow the plough.

The farmer, you know, to market must go to sell both his barley and wheat,
His wife she rides all by his side, all dress'd so clean and neat ;
With a basket of butter and eggs by her side, so merrily they do go,
For there's none so rare as can compare with the fellows that follow the plough.

Then after market home they come, which is the best comfort of all,
With lots of plum-pudding all in the pot, and lots of good beef as well ;
Then, after supper, a jug of brown ale is brought to the table I vow,
For there's none so rare as can compare with the fellows that follow the plough.

The miller, you know, has a living to get, so he lives on the fat of the land,
By taking of toll he increases his gold, as you all can understand,
But this miller would fail as well as the rest, and that you all must allow,
For there's none so rare as can compare with the fellows that follow the plough.

The soldier, you know, for all he does fight, the parson for all he does pray,
The exciseman he rides about very grandly his spirits and wine to assay,
There is not a trade that ever was made in any wide country through,
Neither soldier, nor sailor, nor tinker, nor tailor, but what is upheld by the plough.

This song is popular in Sussex, in Cambridgeshire, and in Essex.

No. 18. THE HONEST PLOUGHMAN.

VOICE. *Not too fast.*

PIANO. *Not too fast.*
mf

1. Come all you jol-ly hus-band-men and lis-ten to my song, I'll re-

- late the life of a ploughman, and not de-tain you long: My fa-ther was a farm-er, who

ban-ish'd grief and woe; My mo-ther was a dai-ry-maid, that's nine-ty years a-go.

cres. *ff dim.*

THE HONEST PLOUGHMAN.

COME all you jolly husbandmen and listen to my song,
I'll relate the life of a ploughman, and not detain you long :
My father was a farmer, who banished grief and woe ;
My mother was a dairy maid—that's ninety years ago.

My father had a little farm, a harrow and a plough,
My mother had some pigs and fowls, a pony and a cow ;
They didn't hire a servant, but they both their work did do,
As I have heard my parents say, just ninety years ago.

The rent that time was not so high, but far as I will pen,
For now one family's nearly twice as big as then was ten ;
When I was born my father used to harrow, plough, and sow,
I think I've heard my mother say, 'twas ninety years ago.

To drive the plough, my father did a boy engage,
Until that I had just arrived to seven years of age ;
So then he did no servant want, my mother milked the cow,
And with the lark I rose each morn to go and drive the plough.

The farmers' wives in every part themselves the cows did milk,
They did not wear the dandy veils, and gowns made out of silk,
They did not ride blood-horses, like the farmers' wives do now,
The daughters went a-milking, and the sons went out to plough.

When I was fifteen years of age, I used to thrash and sow,
I harrowed, ploughed, and harvest time I used to reap and mow ;
When I was twenty years of age, I could manage well the farm,
I could hedge and ditch, and plough and sow, or thrash within the barn.

At length when I was twenty-five, I took myself a wife,
Compelled to leave my father's house, as I have changed my life,
The younger children in my place, my father's work would do,
Then daily as an husbandman to labour I did go.

My wife and me, tho' very poor, could keep a pig and cow,
She could sit, and knit, and spin, and I the land could plough ;
There nothing was upon a farm at all, but I could do,
I find things very different now—that's many years ago.

We lived along contented, and banished pain and grief,
We had not occasion then to ask parish relief ;
But now my hairs are grown quite grey, I cannot well engage
To work as I had used to do—I'm ninety years of age.

But now that I'm ninety years of age, and poverty do feel,
If for relief I go, they shove me in a Whig Bastille,
Where I may hang my hoary head, and pine in grief and woe,
My father did not see the like, just ninety years ago.

When a man has laboured all his life, to do his country good,
He's respected just as much when old as a donkey in a wood,
His days are gone and past, and he may weep in grief and woe,
The times are very different now, to ninety years ago.

This tune belongs to the end of the last century. It was used for many songs, especially for those which had reference to the trials and troubles of agricultural labourers. Suitable words were set to it, and sung in the streets by a group of the unemployed in 1886.

No. 19.

FLASH LAD.

Slow and expressively.

VOICE. 1. A -

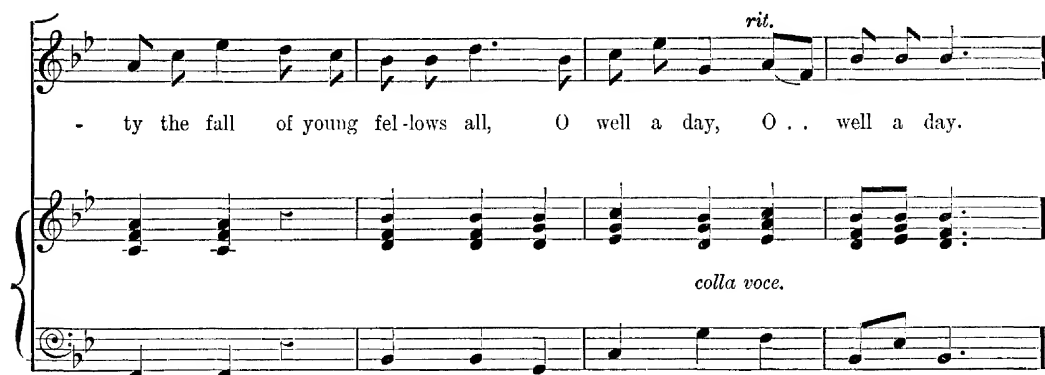
PIANO. *Slow and expressively.*

- dieu, a-dieu, I must meet my fate, I . . was brought up in a ten-der state, Un -

- til bad coun - sel did me en-tice To leave off work and to fol-low vice, Which

makes me now la - ment and say As in the dis - mal cell I lay, Pi -

FLASH LAD.



ADIEU, adieu, I must meet my fate,
I was brought up in a tender state,
Until bad counsel did me entice,
To leave off work and to follow vice.
Which makes me now lament and say,
As in the dismal cell I lay,
Pity the fall of young fellows all.
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!

At cups and cans I took great delight,
Singing in alehouses day and night;
A pretty girl was my chiefest joy,
I took delight as a roving boy,
Which makes me, etc.

At seventeen I took a wife,
I lov'd her dearly as my life,
And to maintain her fine and gay,
I went to rob on the highway.
Which makes me, etc.

My father and my mother too
Told me such ways would never do,
But I never minded what they did say,
But took my horse and rode away.
Which makes me, etc.

There's you and I and Jack Douglas both,
We were all sworn in solemn oath,
To go and rob on the highway,
The first we met was to be our prey.
Which made me, etc.

When mounted on a milk-white steed,
I thought myself a flash lad indeed,
With my cock'd pistol and broad sword,
"Stand and deliver" was my word.
Which makes me, etc.

The first we met was a gentleman:
We rode up to him and bid him stand;
In spite of all that he could do,
We robb'd him and kill'd him too.
Which makes me, etc.

In bonds and chains I was quickly tied,
Before the Judge for my life was tried,
I ne'er went robbing for any clothes,
I hate such trifling things as those.
Which makes me, etc.

I robbed for gold and silver bright,
For to maintain my heart's delight,
When you hear my death-bell toll,
Pray God for mercy on my soul.
Which makes me, etc.

Let six young women bear up my pall,
Give them white gowns and ribbons all,
That they may say and speak the truth,
"There goes a wild and abandoned youth."
Which makes me, etc.

Let six highwaymen follow my pall,
Give them cock'd pistols, powder, ball,
That they may fire over my grave,
And say "Take warning you young men all,"
Which makes me, etc.

There were few tunes more frequently employed than the above for metrical "last dying speeches," so popular in the first half of the present century, before the abolition of public executions and the advent of the cheap daily newspapers.

No. 20.

THE BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *dim.*

cres.

1. One morn - ing in

pp *f* *p*

May by chance I did rove, . . I sat my - self down by the

THE BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

side of a grove, And there did I hear a sweet night-in-gale

sing ; . . I nev - er heard so sweet, I nev - er heard so sweet, I

nev - er heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

ONE morning in May by chance I did rove,
I sat myself down by the side of a grove,
And there did I hear a sweet nightingale sing ;
I never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

All on the green grass I sat myself down
Where the voice of the nightingale echo'd all round ;
Don't you hear how she quivers the notes ? I declare,
No music, no songster, can with her compare.

Come all you young men, I'll have you draw near ;
I pray you give attention these words for to hear,
That when you're growing old, you may have it to sing,
That you never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

This song comes from Cranleigh, in Surrey.

No. 21.

THE MASONIC HYMN.

VOICE. *Boldly.*

PIANO. *f*

1. Come all you Free - ma - sons that dwell a round the globe, That

p

wear the badge of in - no - cence, I mean the roy - al robe, Which Noah he did wear when

f

in the Ark he stood, When the world was des - troy - ed by . . a de - lug - ing flood.

p

THE MASONIC HYMN.

COME all you Freemasons that dwell around the globe,
That wear the badge of innocence—I mean the royal robe,
Which Noah he did wear when in the Ark he stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluging flood,

Noah he was virtuous in the sight of the Lord,
He loved a Freemason that kept the secret word ;
For he built the Ark, and he planted the first vine,
Now his soul in heaven like an angel doth shine.

Once I was blind, and could not see the light,
Then up to Jerusalem I took my flight,
I was led by the Evangelist through a wilderness of care,
You may see by the sign and the badge that I wear.

On the thirteenth rose the Ark, let us join hand in hand,
For the Lord spake to Moses by water and by land,
Unto the pleasant river where by Eden it did rin,
And Eve tempted Adam by the serpent of sin.

When I think of Moses it makes me to blush,
All on Mount Horeb where I saw the burning bush ;
My shoes I'll throw off, and myself I'll cast away,
And I'll wander like a pilgrim unto my dying day.

When I think of Aaron it makes me to greet,
Likewise of the Virgin Mary who lay at our Saviour's feet.
I was in the garden of Gethsemane where He had the bloody sweat.
Repent, my dearest brethren, before it is too late.

I thought I saw twelve dazzling lights, which put me in surprise,
And gazing all around me I heard a distant voice ;
The serpent passed by me which fell into the ground,
With great joy and comfort the secret word I found.

Some say it is lost, but surely it is found,
And so is our Saviour, it is known to all around,
Search all the Scriptures over, and there it will be shown,
The tree that will bear no fruit must be cut down.

Abraham was a man well beloved by the Lord,
He was true to be found in great Jehovah's word,
He stretched forth his hand, and took a knife to slay his son,
An angel appearing said, the Lord's will be done.

O, Abraham ! O, Abraham lay no hand upon the lad,
He sent him unto thee to make thy heart glad,
Thy seed shall increase like stars in the sky,
And thy soul into heaven like Gabriel shall fly.

O never, O never will I hear the orphan cry,
Nor yet a gentle virgin weep until the day I die ;
Yon wandering Jews that travel the wide world around
May knock at the door where truth is to be found.

Often against the Turks and Infidels we fight,
To let the wandering world know we're in the right,
For in heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the door
And none can enter in but those that are pure.

St. Peter he opened, and so we entered in,
Into the holy seat secure, which is all free from sin ;
St. Peter he opened, and so we entered there,
And the glory of the temple no man can compare.

It is supposed by "the popular and uninstructed world at large" that this song contains all the secrets of Freemasonry. Those who believe this statement will believe anything.

No. 22.

THE SEASONS.

VOICE. *Joyously.*

PIANO. *Joyously.*

f *dim.* *p*

1. Come

all you lads and lass - es, I'd have you give at - ten - tion To these few lines I'm a -

p very lightly.

- bout to write here, 'Tis of the four sea-sons of the year that I shall men - tion, The

p

beau - ty of all things doth ap - pear. And now you are young and all

mf

in . . your pros-per - i - ty, Come cheer up your hearts and re - vive like the Spring,

cres. *f*

THE SEASONS.



COME all you lads and lasses, I'd have you give attention
 To these few lines that I'm about to write here,
 'Tis of the four seasons of the year that I shall mention,
 The beauty of all things doth appear.
 And now you are young and all in your prosperity,
 Come cheer up your hearts and revive like the Spring.
 Join off in pairs like the birds in February,
 That St. Valentine's Day it forth do bring.

Then cometh Spring, which all the land doth nourish,
 The fields are beginning to be decked with green,
 The trees put forth their buds and the blossoms they do flourish,
 And the tender blades of corn on the earth are to be seen.
 Don't you see the little lambs by their dams a-playing,
 The cuckoo is singing in the shady grove,
 The flowers they are springing, the maids they go a-Maying,
 And in love all hearts seem now to move.

Then cometh Summer, and then to each beholder
 The fields are bedecked with hay and corn,
 The mower he goes forth with a scythe upon his shoulder,
 And his bottle of beer so early in the morn ;
 Then harvest days, when everyone must labour and must swelter,
 The reaper, the mower, the farmer comes along,
 To cut down the corn and to lay it in the shelter,
 And at night drink a health with a merry song.

Next cometh Autumn, with the sun so hot and piercing,
 The sportsman goes forth with his dog and his gun,
 To fetch down the woodcock, the partridge and the pheasant,
 For health and for profit as well as for fun.
 Behold, with loaded apple-trees how the farmer is befriended,
 They will fill up his casks that have long laid dry ;
 All nature seems to weary now, her task is nearly ended,
 And more of the seasons will come bye-and-bye.

Next cometh Winter, when outdoor work's suspended,
 The thatcher and the thresher go to work in the barn,
 Their coats new and thick, or with flannel neatly mended,
 Each follows his task for to keep himself warm.
 'Tis very cold and pinching, the air is fresh and chilly,
 The streams they are bound up by ice and by frost,
 All nature seems decayed instead of reviving,
 The beauty of all things appears to be lost.

When night comes on, with song and tale we pass the wintry hours,
 By keeping up a cheerful heart we hope for better days,
 We tend the cattle, sow the seed, give work unto the ploughers,
 And with patience wait till winter yields before the sun's fair rays.
 And so the world goes round and round, and every time and season,
 With pleasure and with profit crowns the passage of the year,
 And so through every time of life, to him who acts with reason,
 The beauty of all things doth appear.

This beautiful melody comes from Shoreham in Sussex.

No. 23. SOMERSETSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

VOICE. *Briskly.*

PIANO. *Briskly.*

f *p* *sf* 1. O what

joys can compare With the hunt-ing of the hare, In the morning—in the morning, When 'tis

fine and pleasant weather; With our hors-es and our hounds We will scam-p it o'er the grounds, With tan-

- tar-o, whoop huzza, and tan-tar-o! My boys, we will holloa, we will hol-loa! . . .

mf a tempo.

O WHAT joys can compare
With the hunting of the hare,
In the morning—in the morning,
When 'tis fine and pleasant weather;
With our horses and our hounds
We will scam-p it o'er the grounds,
With tantaro, whoop, huzza, and tantaro!
My boys, we will holloa, we will holloa.

And when poor puss arise,
Then away from us she flies,
And we'll give her, boys—we'll give her
One thundering loud view holloa.
With our, etc.

And when poor puss is killed
We'll retire from the field,
And we'll count, boys—and we'll count
On the same good run to-morrow.
With our, etc.

Although this is called a Somersetshire song, its popularity is not confined to that county.

No. 24.

TALLY HO! HARK AWAY.

VOICE. *With spirit.*

PIANO. *With spirit.*

p *f* *p* *mp*

1. The

sun has just peep'd his head o'er the hills, The ploughboy goes whistling a-long 'cross the fields, And the

birds they are singing so sweetly on the spray, Says the huntsman to the hounds, Tal-ly ho! hark a-way, tal-ly

ho, hark a-way, tal-ly ho, hark a-way, tal-ly ho, tal-ly ho, tal-ly ho, hark a-way.

THE sun has just peeped his head o'er the hills,
The ploughboy goes whistling along 'cross the fields,
And the birds they are singing so sweetly on the spray,
Says the huntsman to the hounds, Tally ho! hark away!

Now come, my brave sportsmen, and make no delay,
Quick! saddle your horses and let's brush away;
For the fox is in view, and is kindled with scorn,
Come, all my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn.

He led us a chase for eight long miles
Over hedges, over ditches, over gates, over stiles;
The huntsman comes up with his musical throng,
We shall soon overtake him for his brush drags along.

He led us a chase forty minutes full cry;
Tally ho! hark away! for now he must die,
And we'll cut off his brush with a holloaing noise
(woo-whoop!)*
And drink good success to all fox-hunting boys.

A Northamptonshire song, often printed as a broadside or sheet-song, and found in collections of sporting ditties dated from the first decade of the present century.

* Here a pause is made to give a shout at the death of the fox, "woo-whoop."

No. 25.

THE BARBEL.

VOICE. *Not too fast.*

1. A - rouse, a -

PIANO. *Not too fast.*

mf *p*

- rouse, 'tis dawn of day, See the morn - ing fresh and fair, The

tr

wind is south, the dew's a - way, And flow - ers scent the

tr *tr*

bal - my air. Leave all care for once to go where the

THE BARBEL.

sil - v'ry wa - ters flow, . . . Leave all care for

once to . . . go Where the sil - v'ry . . . wa - ters flow.

ad lib.

colla voce.

Arouse, arouse, 'tis dawn of day,
 See the morning fresh and fair,
 The wind is south, the dew's away,
 And flowers scent the balmy air;
 Leave all care for once to go
 Where the silvery waters flow.

Then tramp, tramp, let us be in time,
 I think the fish will feed to-day,
 See how they rise and prime;
 They're after flies, they're not at play;
 I'm for barbel, what are you?
 Why, then, I'm for barbel too!

Mind, mind, you have one now,
 Keep your rod up, give him line,
 Keep it bending like a bow,
 For that's the way with tackle fine,
 Another turn and then he's done,
 And is it not a handsome one?

Thus, thus the angler plies
 Care and patience, art, and bait,
 Luck he hails with sparkling eyes,
 And lays all ills to careless fate;
 Thus, whether ill or good betide,
 He's happy by the water side.

Then arouse, arouse, 'tis dawn of day,
 See the morning fresh and fair,
 The wind is south, the dew's away,
 And flowers scent the balmy air;
 Leave all care for once to go
 Where the silvery waters flow.

This beautiful melody is one of a number once popular with the disciples of Izaak Walton. The Editor is indebted for it to Mr. Winbolt, organist of St. John's, Brixton.

No. 26.

GO FROM MY WINDOW.

VOICE. *Not too slow.*

PIANO. *Not too slow.*

mf *p*

1. Go from my win-dow, my love, my love, Go from my win-dow, my dear; The

p

wind is blow-ing high and the ship is ly-ing by, So you can-not get a har-b'ring here.

cres. *dim.* *p*

Go from my window, my love, my love,
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind is blowing high and the ship is lying by,
So you cannot get a harb'ring here.

Go from my window, my love, my love,
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind's in the West, and the cockle's in his nest,
So ye cannot get a harb'ring here.

Go from my window, my love, my love,
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain have brought you back again,
But you cannot get a harb'ring here.

Go from my window, my love, my love,
Go from my window, my dear;
The devil's in the man that he will not understan'
That he cannot get a harb'ring here.

The words of this song are quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher and other poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The melody, in a major key, is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and is printed in "A New Booke of Tablature," 1596, and in other books of the same period. The version here given is traditional, and is similar to one of the airs usually sung by Ophelia in "Hamlet."

No. 27.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

With sadness.

PIANO. *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'p' and 'With sadness.' The melody is in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. My love he was a far-mer's son, When first my ten-der heart he won; His love to me he did re-veal, But lit-tle thought of the Night-in-gale.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include 'p' and 'pp'.

1. My love he was a far-mer's son, When
first my ten-der heart he won; His love to me he
did re-veal, But lit-tle thought of the Night-in-gale.

My love he was a farmer's son,
When first my tender heart he won;
His love to me he did reveal,
But little thought of the Nightingale.

My cruel dad contrived it so,
That this young lad to sea should go,
He told the press-gang not to fail
To press my love for the Nightingale.

On the fourteenth of November last,
The wind it blew a bitter blast,
My love was in the dreadful gale,
And went to the bottom in the Nightingale.

The very night my love was lost,
Appeared to me his deadly ghost,
In sailor's dress and visage pale,
And told his fate in the Nightingale.

"O lovely Nancy, cease surprise,
In Biscay's Bay my body lies,
With all my mates, who once set sail
On board the hapless Nightingale."

I raised my head from my pillow high,
His pallid ghost from me did fly,
I little thought when he set sail,
He'd end his days in the Nightingale.

My father's dwelling I'll forsake,
And far away my way I'll take,
By lonesome wood or distant vale,
I'll mourn his fate in the Nightingale.

This song was a great favourite, years ago, with the girls engaged in making gloves, in the neighbourhood of Yeovil, Somersetshire. The symphony between each line was hummed by the singer, or by the other girls who were working in the same room.

No. 28.

DERRY DOWN DALE.

VOICE. *Lightly.*

PIANO. *Lightly.*

1. In Der - ry Down Dale, when I wan - ted a mate, I went with my

dad - dy a - courting of Kate; With my nose - gay so fine, and my hol - i - day clothes, My

hands in my poc - kets a court - ing I goes, The weath - er was cold, and my bos - om was

DERRY DOWN DALE.

hot, My heart in a gal - lop, the mare in a trot: Now, I was so

bash - ful and lov - ing with - al, My tongue stuck to my mouth, I said nothing at all.

In Derry Down Dale, when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy a-courting of Kate;
 With my nosegay so fine, and my holiday clothes,
 My hands in my pockets a-courting I goes.
 The weather was cold and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop, the mare in a trot:
 Now, I was so bashful and loving withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth—I said nothing at all.

When I got to the door I looked lumpish and glum,
 The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb;
 Rap-tap went the rapper, and Kate show'd her chin,
 She chuckled and duckled—I bowed, and went in.
 Now, I was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me;
 So I bow'd, and she grinned, and I let my hat fall,
 And I smiled, scratched my head, and said nothing at all.

If bashful was I, no less bashful the maid,
 She simpered and blushed—with her apron string played,
 Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed little Kitty and I should be one.
 In silence we young folks soon nodded consent;
 Hand-in-hand to the church to be married we went,
 Where we answer'd the parson in voices so small,
 You scarce could have heard us say—nothing at all.

But mark, what a change in the course of a week,
 Our Kate left off blushing—I boldly could speak,
 Could toy with my Kitty, laugh loud at a jest;
 And Kate, she could talk, too, as well as the best.
 Ashamed of past follies, we often declared
 To encourage young folks who at wedlock are scared:
 If once to your aid some assurance you call,
 You may kiss and get married, and it's nothing at all.

This is probably a song belonging to some forgotten play. It dates apparently from the first decade of the present century.

No. 29. BONNY LIGHT HORSEMAN.

VOICE. *Not too slow.*

PIANO. *Not too slow.* *mf* *1. Ye*

maids, wives, and wi - dows, I . . pray give at - ten - tion Un - to these few

lines, . . though dis - mal to men - tion ; I'm a maid - en dis - tract - ed, in the

ff *p*

de - sert I'll rove, To the gods I'll com - plain for the loss of my

BONNY LIGHT HORSEMAN.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the lyrics "love. Bro - ken - heart - ed . . I'll . . wan - der, bro - ken - heart - ed I'll . .". The piano accompaniment also begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "wan - der, For my bon - ny light horse - man that was slain in the wars." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line, also ending with a double bar line.

YE maids, wives, and widows, I pray give attention,
 Unto these few lines, tho' dismal to mention ;
 I'm a maiden distracted, in the desert I'll rove,
 To the gods I'll complain for the loss of my love.
 Broken-hearted I'll wander, broken-hearted I'll wander,
 My bonny light horseman that was slain in the wars.

Had I wings of an eagle so quickly I'd fly,
 To the very spot where my true love did die ;
 On his grave would I flutter my out-stretched wings,
 And kiss his cold lips o'er and o'er again.
 Broken-hearted, &c.

Two years and two months since he left England's shore,
 My bonny light horseman that I did adore,
 O why was I born this sad day to see,
 When the drum beat to arms and did force him from me.
 Broken-hearted, &c.

Not a lord, duke, or earl, could my love exceed,
 Not a more finer youth for his king e'er did bleed ;
 When mounted on a horse he so gay did appear,
 And by all his regiment respected he were.
 Broken-hearted, &c.

Like the dove that does mourn when it loseth its mate,
 Will I for my love till I die for his sake ;
 No man on this earth my affection shall gain,
 A maid live and die for my love that was slain.
 Broken-hearted, &c.

This has been frequently reprinted in London, Birmingham and Preston, as a broadside ballad since the year 1790.

No. 30.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

VOICE. *Easily.*

PIANO. *Easily.*
Mark the bass. *Slacken.*

1. It was one Mon - day morn - ing As I marched o'er the

mf

moss, I nev - er thought of 'list - ing Till the sol - diers did me

cross ; They kind - ly did in - vite me To pledge the ale so

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'brown, They ad - vanc - ed me some mon - ey, they ad - vanc - ed me some' and ends with a 'cres.' marking. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the vocal line with 'mon - ey, they ad - vance - ed me some mon - ey— Ten guin - eas and a crown.' and includes dynamic markings 'cen', 'do.', and 'f'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

It was one Monday morning
As I march'd o'er the moss,
I never thought of 'listing
Till the soldiers did me cross ;
They kindly did invite me
To pledge the ale so brown,
They advanced me some money—
Ten guineas and a crown.

Then, as I wore the white cockade,
I marched into the town
To bid farewell to all my friends
Before I did go down.
Beneath a shady willow
I saw my sweetheart lay
Upon a mossy pillow,
And heard her sighing say :—

" 'Tis my true love is 'listed,
And he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome young man
Besides a roving blade ;
He is a handsome young man,
He is gone to serve the king,
My very heart is breaking
All for the love of him.

"Oh ! may he never prosper,
Oh ! may he never thrive,
Nor anything he takes in hand
As long as he's alive ;
May the ground he treads fall under him,
The grass he bends ne'er grow,
Since he has gone and left me
In sorrow, grief, and woe."

I pulled out my handkerchief
And wiped her flowing tears,
O, take this in remembrance
And calm your groundless fears,
And keep you in good company
While I march o'er the plain,
Then I'll be married to my love
When I return again.

Mr. Dixon in his collection of "Ballads of the Peasantry," 1841, speaks with admiration of this song and the tune.

No. 31.

THE JOLLY WATERMAN.

Lively.

VOICE. 1. Come

PIANO. *f*

p *p*

f

Come all you jolly watermen
That on the Thames do ply,
Haul up your boats, and wet your throats,
For rowing makes us dry.

The noble Prince we've landed
Has tipped us store of gold;
Ne'er spare for wealth to drink his health
So long as a tizzy does hold.

Here's half is for our landladies,
And half is for our wives;
For wet or dry, where'er we ply,
We all lead jovial lives.

Then fill, my noble watermen,
And pledge each other stout,
Each take his pot, and spare him not
To push the can about.

So here's a health to our noble King,
And our gracious Queen beside;
Also to the Prince of Orange,
Not forgetting his bride.

Also that trade may flourish,
And pride may have a fall,
And little Old England hold her head
As high as the best of them all.

This was sung by Mr. Bardin at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, 1740. For many years afterwards it was popular with riverside boatmen. It was used in more than one ballad opera of the last century.

No. 32.

SAUCY SAILOR BOY.

VOICE. *Not too fast.*

PIANO. *Not too fast.*
mf *f*

Come, my own one, come, my fond one, Come, my

dear - est, un - to me, Will you wed with a poor sai-lor lad, That's just re-turn'd from sea!

Come, my own one, come, my fond one,
Come, my dearest, unto me,
Will you wed with a poor sailor lad,
That's just returned from sea?

O you're dirty, love, you are ragged, love,
And your clothes smell of tar,
So begone, you saucy sailor boy,
So begone you as you are.

If I'm dirty, love, if I'm ragged love,
And smell so strong of tar,
I have got silver in my pocket, love,
And gold in bright store.

When she heard of his store of gold
With a smile she did say,
I will wed my saucy sailor boy
Whom I've loved away.

Had you been as kind to my ragged clothes
As to my moneys cling,
I'd have courted you and wedded you,
And have offered this ring.

Do you think that I am foolish, love?
Do you think I am mad?
For to wed a poor country girl,
When there's fortune to be had.

So I'll cross the briny ocean,
And when green leaves do spring,
I will give to another love
This my plain golden ring.

I am frolicsome, I am easy,
Good-tempered and free,
And I don't care a single pin, my boys,
What the world says of me.

Printed by the ballad printers as far back as 1781. The song is a great favourite with factory girls in the East of London.

No. 33.

PAUL JONES.

VOICE. *Boldly.*

PIANO. *mf* *p* *Mark the bass.*

p 1. An A - me - ri - can

mf

fri - gate, the "Rich - ard" by name, Mounted guns for - ty four, from

New York she came, To cruise in the Chan - nel of old Eng - land's

PAUL JONES.



An American frigate, the "Richard" by name,
Mounted guns forty-four, from New York she came,
To cruise in the Channel of old England's fame,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.

We had not cruised long ere two sails we espies,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise,
Some fifty bright shipping, well loaded with stores,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shores.

'Bout the hour of twelve we came alongside
With long speaking trumpet ; "Whence came you," he cried,
"Come answer me quickly, I hail you no more,
Or else a broadside into you I will pour."

We fought them four glasses, four glasses so hot,
Till forty bold seamen lay dead on the spot,
And fifty-five more wounded lay bleeding in gore,
While the thundering large cannons of Paul Jones did roar.

Our carpenter being frightened, to Paul Jones he came,
Our ship she leaks water and is likewise in flame,
Paul Jones he made answer, and to him replied,
"If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside."

Paul Jones he then turned to his men and did say,
"Let every man stand the best of his play?"
For broadside for broadside they fought on the main,
Like true buckskin heroes we return'd it again.

The Serapis wore round our ship for to rake,
And many proud hearts of the English did ache,
The shot flew so hot, and so fierce and so fast,
And the bold British colours were hauled down at last.

Oh ! now my brave boys, we have taken a rich prize,
A large forty-four and a twenty likewise,
To help the poor mothers that have reason to weep,
For the loss of their sons in the unfathomed deep.

Paul Jones was the assumed name of a Scotchman, John Paul, born 1747, who joined the American Navy. The fight here described took place near Flamborough Head, on the 23rd September, 1779.

No. 34.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

VOICE. *With expression.*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

1. As Will - iam and Ma - ry walk'd by the sea - side, Their

p

last fare - well to take, Should you ne - ver re - turn, young

sf

Will - iam she said, My poor heart will sure - ly break.

p

WILLIAM AND MARY.

As William and Mary walked by the sea-side,
Their last farewell to take,
Should you never return, young William she said,
My poor heart will surely break.

Be not thus dismayed, young William he said,
As he pressed the dear maid to his side,
Nor my absence don't mourn, for when I return,
I will make little Mary my bride.

Three years passed away without news, when at last,
As she sat at her own cottage door,
An old beggar came by with a patch on his eye,
Quite lame, and did pity implore;

If you're charity you'll bestow, said he,
I will tell you your fortune beside,
The lad that you mourn will never return
To make little Mary his bride.

Mary started and trembled, O tell me, she cried,
All the money I've got I will give,
To what I ask you, if you will tell me true,
Only say, does my dear William live?

In poverty he lives, said he,
And shipwreck'd he has been beside,
And return will no more, because he is poor,
To make little Mary his bride

That he lives, Heaven knows the great joy that I feel,
Yet still his misfortunes I mourn,
For he'd been welcome to me in poverty,
In his blue jacket tattered and torn.

For I love him so dear, so true and sincere,
That no other I swear beside,
If in riches he roll'd, and was clothed in gold,
Should make little Mary his bride.

The patch from his eye the beggar then threw,
His old coat and his crutch too beside,
With cheeks like a rose, and in jacket so blue,
'Twas William stood by Mary's side.

Forgive me, dear maid, then William he said,
Your love it was only I tried,
To church let's away, for ere the sun sets,
I'll make little Mary my bride.

A portion of the words of this song—the first, second, and last—were sent from Bedfordshire, as popular among the girls and children employed in straw-plaiting. The first verse with the tune came from Cheshire. The whole poem is printed from a sheet ballad, published by J. Evans, Long Lane, Smithfield, in 1794.

No. 35.

BRITONS, STRIKE HOME.

VOICE. *With spirit.*

PIANO. *With spirit.*
mf

1. Come all you bold

cres. *dim.* *mf*

sea - men and see what is done, See how a brave wo - man will

fight for a man. So we'll cross the salt seas, let the

BRITONS, STRIKE HOME.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'wind blow so . . strong, While our rak - ish young fel - lows cry'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, flowing line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'Bri - tons, strike home, boys, cry Bri - tons, strike home.' and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a final chord.

Come all you bold seamen and see what is done,
 See how a brave woman will fight for a man.
 So we'll cross the salt seas, let the wind blow so strong,
 While our rakish young fellows cry, Britons, strike home, boys,
 Britons, strike home.

My father was a squire, and I was his heir,
 And I fell in love with a sailor so rare.
 So we'll cross, &c.

The press-gang they took him, my joy and my pride,
 And, dress'd in boy's clothing, I fought by his side.
 So we'll cross, &c.

Our ship carried over nine hundred men,
 And out of nine hundred five hundred were slain.
 So we'll cross, &c.

The sweet little bullets came flying apace,
 I was shot in the right breast, how hard was my case.
 So we'll cross, &c.

My sailor was wounded, no more could we fight,
 Discharged we were married, so all things came right.
 So we'll cross, &c.

Come all you bold women, where'er you may be,
 Consider the hardships we suffer at sea.
 So we'll cross, &c.

Mr. W. Chappell printed the melody of this song as having been popular with schoolboys in his youth. He could not give the words. These were taken down from the singing of an old soldier, and compared with printed copies issued by Pitts and Catnach.

No. 36.

WARD, THE PIRATE.

VOICE. *Boldly.*

PIANO. *f*

1. Come all you val - iant sea - men bold, with cour - age beat your

p *mf*

drum, I'll tell you of a rov - er that on the seas has

p

come ; His name it is bold Cap - tain Ward, so quick - ly you shall

p

WARD, THE PIRATE.



COME all you valiant seamen bold, with courage beat your drum,
I'll tell you of a rover that on the seas has come ;
His name it is bold Captain Ward, so quickly you shall hear,
For such a rover there has not been or seen for many a year.

On February the seventh day a ship sailed from the west,
With silks and satins loaded, a cargo of the best,
Until they met bold Captain Ward upon the watery main,
He took from her the wealth and store, then sent her back again.

Ward wrote a letter to our Queen on the fourteenth of February,
To know of her if he might come in and all his company,
To know of her if he might come in old England to behold,
And for his pardon he would give five hundred tons of gold.

Our Queen she got a ship built, a ship of noble fame,
And she was called the Rainbow, you may have heard her name :
And she was called the Rainbow, and in the seas went she,
With full five hundred seamen to bear her company.

When the Rainbow came unto the place where Captain Ward did lay,
Where is the Admiral of your ship ? the captain he did say,
I'm here, I'm here, cried Captain Ward, my name I'll not deny,
But if you are one of the Queen's fine ships you are welcome to pass by.

O, no, says gallant Rainbow, it grieves our Queen full sore,
That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have done before ;
Come on, come on, cries saucy Ward, I value you not a pin,
For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel within.

Oh, then the gallant Rainbow she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck lay slain ;
Fight on, fight on, says saucy Ward, your style so pleases me,
I'll fight for a month or two, for your master I must be.

At eight o'clock in the morning the bloody fight began,
It lasted till the evening—till the setting of the sun :
Go home, go home, cried saucy Ward, and tell your Queen from me,
If she rules Queen of England, I'll rule King at sea.

This is a modified version of an old ballad, "Strike up, ye lusty gallants." The words are still printed as a sheet song.

No. 37.

MARLBORO'

VOICE. *Rather slow.*

PIANO. *The Symphony is the Air "Marlbrook."*
mf

1. Ye gen'ral's all and champions bold, Who

mf

take de-light in the field, That knock down pa-laces and cas-tle walls, But

who to death must yield; Lo! I must go and face that foe, With-out my sword and

MARLBOROUGH.



YE generals all and champions bold,
 Who take delight in the field,
 That knock down palaces and castle walls,
 But who to death must yield ;
 Lo ! I must go and face that foe,
 Without my sword and shield,
 I always fought with merry men,
 But now to death must yield.

I am an Englishman by birth,
 And Marlborough is my name,
 In Devonshire I drew my breath,
 That place of noted fame ;
 I was beloved by all my men,
 By King and Prince likewise,
 Though many towns I often took,
 I did the world surprise.

King Charles the Second I did serve,
 To face our foes in France,
 And at the field of Ramillies,
 We boldly did advance ;
 The sun was down, the moon did shine,
 So loudly I did cry—
 " Fight on, my boys, for fair England,
 We'll conquer or we'll die."

And when we gained the victory,
 And bravely kept the field,
 We took a host of prisoners,
 And forced them to yield,
 That very day my horse was shot,
 All by a musket ball,
 As I was mounting up again,
 My aide-de-camp did fall.

Now on a bed of sickness prone,
 I am resigned to die ;
 Yet, generals and champions bold,
 Stand firm as well as I ;
 Unto your colours stand you true,
 And fight with courage bold,
 I have led my men through fire and smoke,
 But ne'er was bribed with gold.

John, Duke of Marlborough, born 1650, died 1716, himself is supposed to sing these verses. The tune is preserved in the Eastern Counties. The last line probably represents popular belief in the integrity of the hero.

No. 38.

POLKA MAD.

In a bright style, not too fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

1. What a rage so bad there is a - bout the town, sirs,

Lightly.

Folks are dancing mad, no-thing else goes down, sirs, From a countess to a cook, from a

ba-ron to a bro-ker, Are downright ra-ving took to learn to dancethe Pol-ka.

POLKA MAD.



WHAT a rage so bad there is about the town, sirs,
Folks are dancing mad, nothing else goes down, sirs,
From a countess to a cook, from a baron to a broker,
Are downright raving took, to learn to dance the Polka. Fa la.

'Tis imported, so I'm told, from the wilds of black Bohemia,
And the copyright was sold to Bobby Peel the Premier,
Lord Brougham's learnt it, too, to dance upon the stage bent.
And he only waits for you to get him an engagement. Fa la.

Dancing masters now are turning in the tin,
For people's heads just now, and feet are on the spin,
They've such a roaring trade, you think it perhaps a choker,
But they've never been to bed since they brought out the Poker. Fa la.

The Scrag that sellscat's meat who at penny hops oft spin it,
And who serves down our street, are mad to come out in it,
Says he to his spouse, "My Chick, I will call in the broker,
And sell off every stick, but what we'll learn the Poker. Fa la.

There's Mrs. Adam Bell, the spare-rib of the dustman,
And her blooming gals as well have learnt it off the first man.
So while Adam blows a cloud, or sips a cup of Mocha.
His darters does him proud by dancing him the Poker. Fa la.

Mrs. Brown to cut a dash was so raving mad to learn it,
That she spent her husband's cash as fast as he could earn it;
But he found her out at last, and now she's 'most a croaker.
For I'm told about her head he introduced the Poker. Fa la.

Advertisements you read in every daily paper,
If ladies stand in need they're taught the poker caper,
'Tis now so much the go, you can learn, if you've the ochre.
The fair brother, cherry toe, or the a-la-greasy Poker. * Fa la.

There's Mr. Bob Cafipps that teaches the double shuffle,
Says the French are nothing but rips, the kit he'd like to muffle,
Says he, "This here new dance, to me it's a regular choker,
I 'spose I must go to France and catch hold of this Poker. Fa la.

Says Bob, "You doubt 'tis true, but the straight fives I invented.
And the cobbler's hornpipe too, and yet folks arn't contented.
They're sick of crack-covey-backs, who've had enough cat-chokers,
And now these foreign quacks are cramming you all with Pokers. Fa la.

Well, go it, Johnny Bull, till extravagance you dock it,
While mounseer has the pull, he'll dance gold from your pocket.
As the Poker's now the rage among the feminine gender,
The next dance on the stage will be the tongs and fender. Fa la.

This was one of many songs written about the year 1843, when the mania for the Polka was so great that garments, food, cottages, terraces, and streets were named after it.

* This line refers to Miss Farebrother, Cerito and Carlotta Grisi, famous dancers of the Polka.

No. 39. GRAND CONVERSATION OF NAPOLEON.

VOICE. *Not too slow.*

PIANO. *Not too slow.*

1. It was

o - ver that wild beaten track 'twas said a friend of Buo - naparte Did pace the sands and lof - ty rocks of

mf

St. Hel - en - a's shore, The wind it blew a hur - ri - cane, the light - ning fierce a - round did dart, The

sea - gulls they were shrieking, and the waves a - round did roar; Ah! hush rude winds, the stranger cried, a -

GRAND CONVERSATION ON NAPOLEON.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

- while I range the spot. Where last a gal-lant he - ro did his wea - ry eye-lids close, But
 though at peace his limbs do rest, his name will never be forgot This grand conversation on Na - po - le - on a - rose.

It was over that wild beaten track 'twas said a friend of Buonaparte,
 Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of St. Helena's shore,
 The wind it blew a hurricane, the lightning fierce around did dart,
 The sea-gulls they were shrieking, and the waves around did roar ;
 Ah ! hush, rude winds, the stranger cried, awhile I range the spot,
 Where last a gallant hero did his weary eyelids close,
 But though at peace his limbs do rest, his name will never be forgot,
 This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Alas ! he cried, why England did you persecute that hero bold ?
 Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo ;
 Napoleon he was a friend to heroes all, both young and old,
 He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go ;
 When plans were forming night and day, the bold commander to betray,
 He cried, I'll go to Moscow, and there will ease my woes,
 If fortune smiles on me that day, then all the world shall me obey,
 This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

His men in thousands then did rise, to conquer Moscow by surprise,
 He led his troops across the Alps oppress'd by frost and snow,
 But being near the Russian land he then began to open his eyes,
 For Moscow was a burning, and the men drove to and fro.
 Napoleon dauntless viewed the flames, and in anguish at the same,
 He cried, retreat, my gallant men, for time so swiftly goes,
 What thousands died on that retreat, some forced their horses for to eat,
 This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

At Waterloo they bravely fought, commanded by this Buonaparte,
 Field-Marshal Ney did him betray, for he was bribed by gold,
 When Blucher led the Prussians it nearly broke Napoleon's heart,
 He cried my thirty thousand men are kill'd, and I am sold.
 He view'd the plain and cried All's lost, he then his favourite charger cross'd,
 The plain was in confusion with blood and dying woes,
 The bunch of roses did advance, and boldly entered into France,
 This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

But Buonaparte was plann'd to be a prisoner across the sea,
 The rocks of St. Helena, it was the final spot,
 And as a prisoner there to be till death did end his misery,
 His son soon followed to the tomb, it was an awful plot :
 And long enough have they been dead, the blast of war is round us spread,
 And may our shipping float again to face the daring foes,
 And now, my boys, when honour calls, we'll boldly mount the wooden walls,
 This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

It is impossible to account for the extraordinary popularity of this song. The words "grand conversation" appear to have had a peculiar fascination for the illiterate ballad poets. There are numbers of "grand conversation" songs extant, none of which are less inconsequential than the present. Perhaps the tune did much in helping its popularity.

No. 40.

THE PUNCH LADLE.

Bolttly and brightly.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *p*

1. Come all you bold he - roes give an

mf

ear to my song, I'll sing . . . in the praise of good bran - dy and

rum; There's a clear crys - tal foun - tain near Eng - land shall roll . . Give

p

THE PUNCH LADLE.

me the punch la - dle, I'll fa - thom the bowl, I'll fa - thom the bowl, I'll
cres - - cen - - do. p smoothly.
 fa - thom the bowl, Give me the punch la - dle, I'll fa - thom the bowl.
cres. f

COME all you bold heroes give an ear to my song,
 I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum ;
 There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll,
 Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
 I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
 Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
 Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come ;
 Strong beer and good cyder are England's control,
 Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
 I'll fathom the bowl, &c.

My wife she comes in, when I sit at my ease,
 She scolds and she grumbles and does as she please ;
 She may scold and may grumble till she's black as a coal,
 Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
 I'll fathom the bowl, &c.

My father he lies in the depths of the sea,
 With no stone at his feet, what matters for he ;
 There's a clear crystal fountain, near him it doth roll,
 Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
 I'll fathom the bowl, &c.

This song, which is still popular in many rural districts, dates from about the year 1770.

No. 41. THE CHURCHWARDEN'S SONG.

VOICE. *With dignity.*

PIANO. *With dignity.*

mf *f*

1. Come, let us all with

one ac - cord, Eat, drink, smoke, laugh, and sing, Yea, let us make our

p *mf* *p*

CHORUS.

hearts right glad, For 'tis a plea - sant thing. For 'tis a plea - sant thing.

f

COME, let us all with one accord,
Eat, drink, smoke, laugh, and sing,
Yea, let us make our hearts right glad,
For 'tis a pleasant thing.

In time of old when punch was not,
Nor 'bacca nor strong beer,
How could men pass their time away?
How could they find good cheer?

Yea, how could they in heart be glad,
And eke with tongue rejoice?
Yea, how could they all tune their minds
To make a joyful noise?

For till tobacco, punch, and beer,
As well as wine, they had,
Full surely they, whenever they met,
Did sit all sober sad.

But now that we these things possess,
Be light and glad each heart;
And henceforth deem him an outcast
Who first inclines to start.

Yea, whosoe'er he be that is
In haste to go away,
E'en as a Gentile him we'll treat
For ever and for aye.

Therefore take heed all ye who've heard
The words that are just past,
And now it resteth for to-day,
Thus endeth stave the last.

The melody of this song is one of the tunes to which the famous ballad of "Chevy Chase" was at one time sung. The words were inserted in a Collection of Songs called *The Charms of Cheerfulness*, published c. 1780.

No. 42.

A JUG OF THIS.

VOICE. *Smoothly.*

PIANO. *Smoothly.* *mf*

1. You tip-plers all, as . . you pass by, Call in and drink if . .

you be dry, Call in and drink, think it not a-miss To pawn your jer-kin for a

CHORUS.

jug of this. Fa la la la la day, Fa la la la la day.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of the verse, starting with '1. You tip-plers all, as . . you pass by, Call in and drink if . .'. The third system continues the verse with 'you be dry, Call in and drink, think it not a-miss To pawn your jer-kin for a'. The fourth system is the chorus, marked 'CHORUS.', with the lyrics 'jug of this. Fa la la la la day, Fa la la la la day.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

You tipplers all, as you pass by,
Call in and drink if you be dry,
Call in and drink, think it not amiss
To pawn your jerkin for a jug of this.

You mariners all, if you have a crown,
You are welcome here to sit all down.
Come, spread, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your noses in a jug of this.

Now I am bound to the Spanish shore,
Where thundering cannons loud do roar,
Crown my desire, fulfil my wish,
A pretty girl and a jug of this.

When I'm grown old, and scarce can crawl,
With my grey beard, and my head all bald,
Transform me then into a fish,
That I may swim in a jug of this.

When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my sorrows past and fled,
Crown my desire, fulfil my wish,
Place on my tomb, A jug of this.

A copy of this song was printed in one of the *Little Warblers*, printed by Ryle, of Seven Dials, about 1838. It may be older. The melody was taken down from the singing of a farm labourer at Melksham, Wilts in 1857.

No. 43.

THE LOST LADY FOUND.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

1. It was

down in a valley a young maid - en did dwell, She lived with her

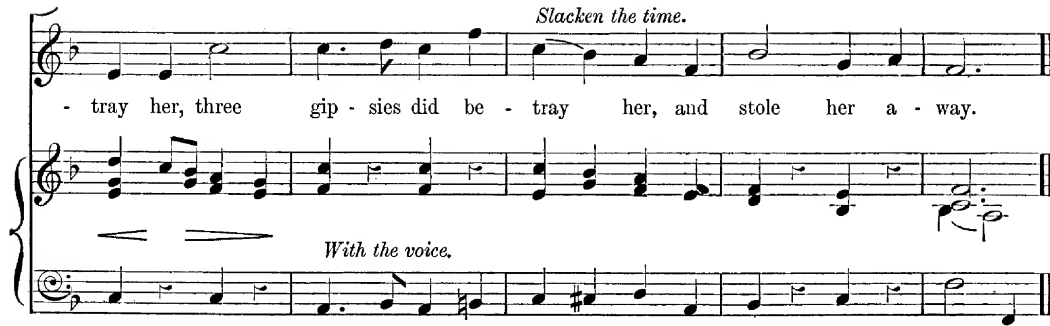
p

un - cle as all knew full well; It was down in the val - ley where

vio - lets were gay, Three gip - sies did be - tray her, three gip - sies did be -

p

THE LOST LADY FOUND.



It was down in a valley a young maiden did dwell,
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well ;
'Twas down in the valley where violets were gay,
Three gipsies did betray her, and stole her away.

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,
Her uncle he searched the country around,
Till he came to her Trustee between hope and fear,
The Trustee made answer, she had not been here.

The Trustee spoke up with courage so bold,
"I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold,
So we'll have life for life, sir, the Trustee did say,
We shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay."

There was a young squire that loved her so,
Ofttimes to the school house together they did go ;
"I'm afraid she is murdered, so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear."

He travell'd thro' England, thro' France, and thro' Spain,
Till he ventured his life on the watery main ;
And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him she knew him, and flew to his arms,
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms ;
"How came you to Dublin, my dearest ?" said he.
"Three gipsies did betray me and stole me away."

"Your uncle's in England, in prison does lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."
"Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried,
"One thousand I will give you, and will be your bride."

When she came to old England her uncle to see,
The cart it was under the high gallows tree :
"Oh, pardon ! oh, pardon ! oh, pardon ! I crave,
Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life to save ?"

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The bells they did ring and the music did play !
Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
As soon as they heard the "Lost Lady" was found.

This beautiful melody was sent from Cheshire. The words are sung in the neighbourhood of London to a tune somewhat resembling that sung in the nursery to the words of "Little Bo-peep."

No. 44.

MARY OF THE MOOR.

VOICE. *With much expression.*

PIANO. *With much expression.*

1. 'Twas one cold winter's night when the wind It blew bit-ter a - cross the wild

moor, When poor Ma - ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her

cres. *p*

own fa - ther's door. She cried "Fa - ther! oh, pray let me in! Do

p *mf*

MARY OF THE MOOR.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'come down and o - pen your door, . . . Or the child at my bo - som will'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'die . . . With the wind that blows 'cross the wild moor. . . .'. Above the vocal line, the text 'ad lib.' is written. Below the piano accompaniment, the text 'with the voice.' is written. The score ends with a double bar line.

'Twas one cold winter's night when the wind
It blew bitter across the wild moor,
When poor Mary she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door.
She cried, "Father! oh, pray let me in!
Do come down and open your door,
Or the child at my bosom will die
With the wind that blows 'cross the wild moor.

"Why did I e'er leave this fair cot,
Where once I was happy and free;
Doom'd now to roam, without friend or home.
Oh! dear father, take pity on me."
But her father was deaf to her cries,
Not a voice, not a sound reached the door
But the watch dog's bold bark and the wind
That blew loudly across the wild moor.

But now think what the father he felt
When he came to the door in the morn
And found Mary, the child still alive,
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.
Wild and frantic he tore his grey hairs,
As on Mary he gazed at the door,
Who in the cold night had perished and died
With the wind that blew 'cross the wild moor.

Now the father in grief passed away,
The poor child to its mother went soon.
And no one has lived there till this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
And the villagers point out his cot,
Where a willow droops over the door,—
There Mary died, once our village pride,
While the wind blew across the wild moor.

This song, popular throughout the country, was written down from the singing of a labourer at a tavern in Slinfold.

No. 45.

UNDAUNTED MARY.

VOICE. *Tenderly.*

1. It's

PIANO. *mf* *rall.*

of a far-mer's daugh-ter, so beau-ti-ful I'm told, . . . Her

p a tempo.

pa-rents died and left . . . her five hun-dred pounds in gold; She

mf

lived with her un-cle, the cause of all her woe, And

dim.

UNDAUNTED MARY.



It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold ;
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And you shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell ;
And there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

It was one summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her bedroom door, and thus to her did say—
"Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
The squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

"A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."
"Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day ;
"Young William he's in favour," her uncle he did say ;
"Indeed ! 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press-gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

The press-gang came to William when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were three to one ;
The blood did flow in torrents—"Come, kill me now," said he,
"I would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

This maid was one day walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove ;
He put his arms around her ; "Stand off, base man, said she ;
You sent the only lad I love from the banks of sweet Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her, and tried to throw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.
Young Mary took the weapons, his sword he used so free,
But she did fire, and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hasten'd to the ground,
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death-wound ;"
"Stand off, then," said young Mary, "undaunted I will be."
The trigger she drew, and her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill,
Likewise came his lawyer, for him to make his will.
He will'd his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And now she lives quite happy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

This, the favourite song of one of the crew of a schooner yacht, was taken down during a pleasure trip in 1877. The words are printed by all the balladmongers in the kingdom.

No. 46. BANKS OF SWEET PRIMROSES.

VOICE. 1. As

PIANO. *p*

I walk'd out one summer's morn'g, To view the fields and to take the air, Down by the

p

banks of the sweet prim - ro - ses, There I be - held - a most love-ly fair.

As I walked out one summer's morning
To view the fields and to take the air,
Down by the banks of the sweet primroses,
There I beheld a most lovely fair.

I said, "Fair maid, where are you going,
What is the reason for all your grief?"
For she was crying and deeply sighing—
"Tell me your sorrows, I may give relief."

"Stand off! stand off! you're quite deceitful,
'Tis you have caused all my grief and pain;
Without your knowledge I have loved you dearly,
And now your comforting is all in vain.

"I'll go down to some lonesome valley,
Where none on earth shall my troubles find,
Where the pretty birds shall sing songs of sweetness,
And bring true comfort to my wearied mind."

"Dear maid, believe me, I will ne'er deceive thee;
Give your consent, we will married be;
Your days of sadness I'll change to gladness,
And love shall change all your thoughts to me."

Come, all you maidens, that go a courting,
Pray give attention to what I say;
For there's many a dark and a cloudy morning
Turns out to be a sunshiny day.

This song is usually sung without any attempt to emphasise the rhythm. The final words are often quoted as a crumb of comfort under adversity.

No. 47.

THE CUCKOO.

VOICE. *Gracefully.*

PIANO. *mf* *pp*

1. Come

all you pret-ty fair maids, where - ev - er .. you .. be, And nev-er fix .. your

mind on a .. sai - lor so .. free; For the leaves they will with - er and the

root will de - cay, O, .. I am for - sak - en, ah ! woe, well a - day.

p *dim.* *pp*

Come all you pretty fair maids, wherever you be,
And never fix your mind on a sailor so free;
For the leaves they will wither and the root will decay,
O, I am forsaken, ah ! woe, well-a-day.

The cuckoo is a fine bird, and she sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings, she tells us no lies;
She sucks little birds' eggs to make her voice clear,
And never sings cuckoo till the summer draws near.

O, meeting is a pleasure, and parting is a grief,
An inconstant lover is worse than a thief—
A thief can but rob you, and take all you have,
An inconstant lover will bring you to the grave.

O the hours that I've passed in the arms of my dear
Can never be thought of without shedding a tear;
All hardships for him I would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my pillow forget all my care.

"The Cuckoo" was a song very popular with sailors at the beginning of the present century.

No. 48.

NEW GARDEN FIELDS.

VOICE. *Pleasantly.*

PIANO. *mf*

8va.....

1. Come all you pretty fair maids, I pray now at -

- tend Un - to these few ver - ses that I have just penn'd; 'Tis of love - ly

Ma - ry I am go - ing to write, She is my whole stu - dy, she is my whole

NEW GARDEN FIELDS.



COME all you pretty fair maids, I pray now attend
Unto these few verses that I have just penn'd;
'Tis of lovely Mary I am going to write,
She is my whole study, and dreams all by night.

The eighteenth of August, the eighth month of the year,
Down by the new garden fields where I met my dear;
She appeared like a goddess, or some young divine,
That came like a torment to torture my mind.

"I am no torment, young man," she did say,
"I am pulling these flowers so fresh and so gay;
I am pulling these flowers which nature here yields,
And I take great delight in the new garden fields."

"I said, "Lovely Mary, dare I make so bold,
Your lily white hand one moment to hold;
It will give me more pleasure than all earthly store,
So grant me this favour and I'll ask no more."

"It's then," she replied, "I fear you but jest,
If I thought you in earnest I'd think myself blest.
My father is coming," these words she did say,
So fare-you-well, young man, for I must away."

Now she has left me all in the bands of love,
Kind Cupid, protect me, and ye powers above;
Kind Cupid, protect me, and now take my part,
For she's guilty of murder and quite broke my heart.

She turned and said, "Young man, I pity your moan,
I'll leave you no longer to sigh alone;
I will go along with you to some foreign part,
You are the first young man that has won my heart."

"We'll go to church on Sunday and married we'll be,
We'll join hands in wedlock and sweet unity;
We'll join hands in wedlock and vow to be true,
To father and mother we will bid adieu."

The melody is often sung to other words, such as "Kate, the Primrose Girl," and to some "affectionate copy of verses written by the criminal the night before his execution." It is one of the tunes which were commonly called "murder tunes," because they were fitted to verses of the character alluded to above. See also "The Honest Ploughman," "The Bonny Light Horseman," "The Flash Lad," "Botany Bay," "The Nightingale," "Paul Jones," "Jack home from Sea," "Ward, the Pirate," and other examples of tunes put to like use.

No. 49. GO NO MORE A RUSHING.

VOICE. *Rather slowly.*

PIANO. *Rather slowly.*
mf

1. Go no more a rush - ing, maids in May ;

rall. *p* *mf*

Go no more a rush - ing, maids I pray, Go no more a rush - ing,

or you'll fall a blush - ing, Bun - dle up your rush - es and haste a - way. You

p

GO NO MORE A RUSHING.

prom - ised me a cher - - ry with - out an - y stone, You

promised me a chick - en with - out . . an - y bone, You promised me a ring, that has

no . . rim at all, And you prom-ised me a bird with - out a gall.

Go no more a rushing, maids, in May;
 Go no more a rushing, maids, I pray;
 Go no more a rushing, or you'll fall a blushing,
 Bundle up your rushes and haste away.
 You promised me a cherry without any stone,
 You promised me a chicken without any bone,
 You promised me a ring that has no rim at all,
 And you promised me a bird without a gall.

How can there be a cherry without a stone?
 How can there be a chicken without a bone?
 How can there be a ring without a rim at all?
 How can there be a bird that hasn't got a gall?
 When the cherry's in the flower it has no stone;
 When the chicken's in the egg it hasn't any bone;
 When the ring it is a making it has no rim at all;
 And the dove it is a bird without a gall.

This melody which is still to be heard in country places appears in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book with the same title, and probably was sung to the same words three hundred years ago.

No. 50. RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN.

VOICE. *Joyfully.*

1. Last

PIANO. *f*

Joyfully.

New Year's Day as I've heerd say, Young Rich-ard he mount-ed his dap - ple grey, And

p *cres.* *dim.*

trot-ted a - long to Taun - ton Dean, To court the par - son's daugh - ter Jean...

p

Dum-ble-dum dear - y, dum-ble-dum dear - y, Dum-ble-dum, dum-ble-dum, dum ble-dum dee.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano part is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with the instruction 'Joyfully.' and a dynamic marking of 'f' for the piano. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'New Year's Day as I've heerd say, Young Rich-ard he mount-ed his dap - ple grey, And'. The piano part includes dynamic markings of 'p', 'cres.', and 'dim.'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'trot-ted a - long to Taun - ton Dean, To court the par - son's daugh - ter Jean...'. The piano part starts with a 'p' marking. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics: 'Dum-ble-dum dear - y, dum-ble-dum dear - y, Dum-ble-dum, dum-ble-dum, dum ble-dum dee.'. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN.

LAST New Year's Day, as I've heerd say,
Young Richard he mounted his dapple grey,
And trotted along to Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jean.
Dumble-dum deary, dumble-dum deary,
Dumble-dum, dumble-dum, dumble-dum dee.

With buckskin breeches, shoes, and hose,
Dicky put on his Sunday clothes,
Likewise a hat upon top of his head,
All bedaubed with ribbons red.
Dumble-dum, &c.

Young Richard he rode without any fear,
Till he came to the house where lived his sweet dear;
When he knocked and he kicked, and he bellowed "Hallo!
Be the folks at home? say aye or no!"
Dumble-dum, &c.

A trusty servant let him in,
That he his courtship might begin;
Young Richard he walked along the great hall,
And loud for Mistress Jean did call.
Dumble-dum, &c.

Miss Jean she came without delay,
To hear what Richard had got for to say.
"I s'pose you know me, Mistress Jean:
I'm honest Richard of Taunton Dean."
Dumble-dum, &c.

"I'm an honest fellow, although I be poor,
And I never were in love afore;
My mother she bid me come here to woo,
For I can fancy none but you."
Dumble-dum, &c.

"Suppose that I were to be your bride,
Pray, how would you for me provide?
For I can neither sew nor spin,
Pray, what will your day's work bring in?"
Dumble-dum, &c.

"Why, I can plough and I can zow,
And zometimes I to the market go
With Gaffer Johnson's straw or hay,
And yarn my ninepence every day."
Dumble-dum, &c.

"Ninepence a day! 'Twill never do,
For I must have silks and satins too!
Ninepence a day won't buy us meat!"
"Adzooks!" says Dick, "I've a zack of wheat!"
Dumble-dum, &c.

"Besides, I have a house hard by,
'Tis all my own when mammy do die:
If thee and I were married now,
I'd feed thee as fat as my feyther's old zow."
Dumble-dum, &c.

Dick's compliments did so delight,
They made the family laugh outright.
Young Richard took huff, and no more would say,
But he mounted old Dobbin and gallop'd away,
Singing, dumble-dum, &c.

No. 51.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

VOICE. *Jovially.*

PIANO. *Jovially.*

1. Come

all you brisk young bach - e - lers who wish to have good wives, . . I'd

have you be pre - cau - ti - ous be - fore you change your lives ; . . For

wo - men they are as va - ri - ous as fish - es in the sea, . . And

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of two systems. The first system has four measures of music, and the second system has four measures of music. The lyrics are: 'ten times more pre-ca-ri-ous than a win-ter or a sum-mer's day. Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la lay. . .'. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythm with chords and single notes.

ten times more pre - ca - ri - ous than a win - ter or a sum - mer's day. Fa

la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la lay. . .

Come all you brisk young bachelors who wish to have good wives,
I'd have you be precautions before you change your lives ;
For women they are as various as fishes in the sea,
And ten times more precarious than a winter or a summer's day. Fa la, &c.

When first to court them you begin, they're as mild as any dove,
So sweet, so kind, you surely think them angels from above ;
But when in Hymen's snare you're caught, they plague and tease you so,
You surely think them angels still, but angels from below. Fa la, &c.

For when you think you have them won, your task is scarce begun,
They'll kiss and court with all they please, nor constant be to one ;
So shut your eyes and then advance, and boldly take your chance,
For you must pay let who will dance, for she will sport and you may prance. Fa la, &c.

If that her face is beautiful, her servant you must be,
For loveliness that's portionless she thinks too much for thee ;
If she has wealth she rules and rates, and makes the house to ring,
Let others work, why should I toil, or wash, or card, or spin. Fa la, &c.

But rich or poor, or fair or foul, she'll wear your life, torment your soul,
She'll boast of all her bachelors rife, and say, "O fool was I to be your wife."
So take no heed to womenkind, for they are of a simple mind,
You know that Samson he was strong, but by a woman he was undone. Fa la, &c.

A victim once was in a cart agoing to be hanged,
A messenger came from the king, and bade the cart to stand ;
The king had pardon give to him provided he would wed a wife ;
Would one be found to marry him, the victim then might save his life. Fa la, &c.

He pondered deep, for life is dear ; but still he thought without a fear
That wives are cheap, and he knew well how much his sorrows one might swell :
"There's people here of every sort, and why should I prevent their sport ?
The bargain's hard in every part, but the woman's the worst, drive on the cart." Fa la, &c.

No. 52.

BOTANY BAY.

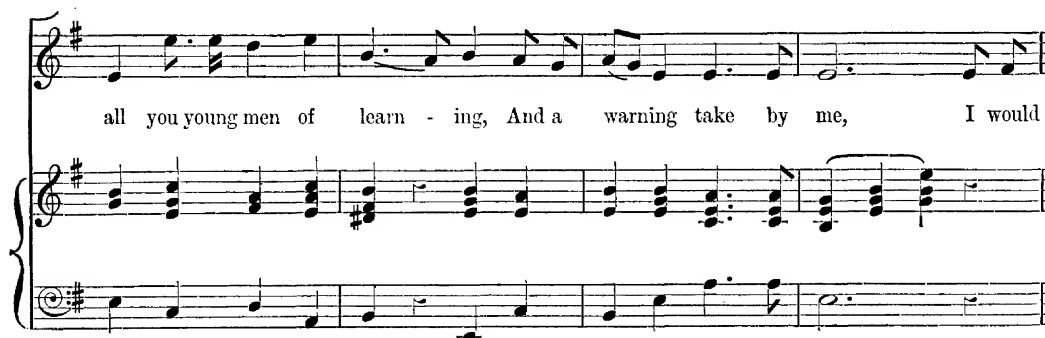
VOICE *Sadly.*

1. Come

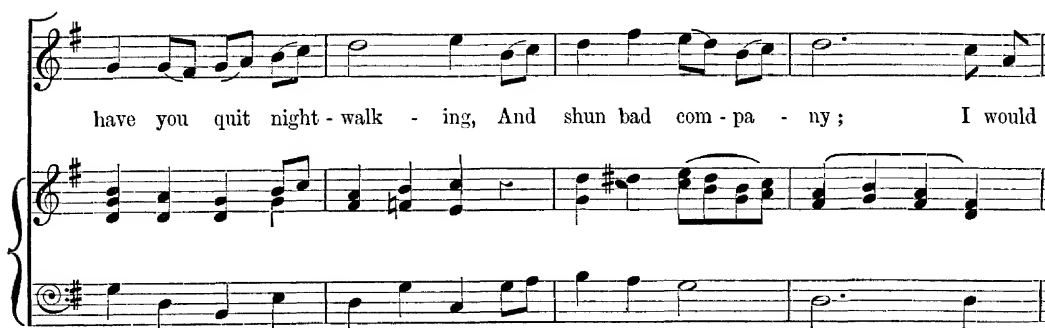
PIANO. *p*



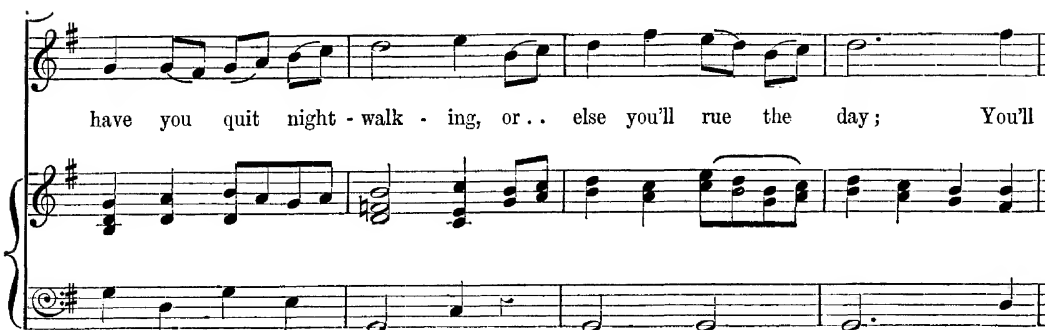
all you young men of learn - ing, And a warning take by me, I would



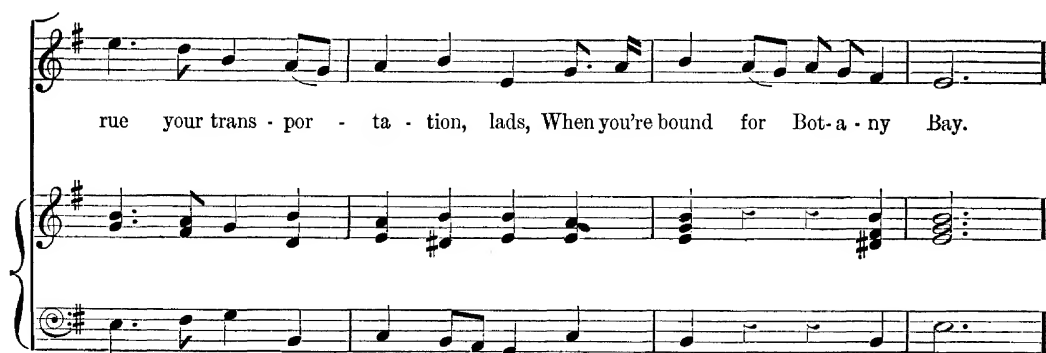
have you quit night - walk - ing, And shun bad com - pa - ny; I would



have you quit night - walk - ing, or... else you'll rue the day; You'll



BOTANY BAY.



COME all you young men of learning,
 And a warning take by me,
 I would have you quit night walking,
 And shun bad company;
 I would have you quit night walking,
 Or else you'll rue the day;
 You'll rue your transportation, lads,
 When you're bound for Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town,
 At a place I know full well,
 Brought up by honest parents,
 For the truth to you I'll tell.
 Brought up by honest parents,
 And rear'd most tenderly,
 Till I became a roving blade,
 Which proved my destiny.

My character soon was taken,
 And I was sent to jail;
 My friends they tried to clear me,
 But nothing could prevail.
 At the Old Bailey Sessions,
 The judge to me did say—
 "The jury's found you guilty, lad,
 So you must go to Botany Bay."

To see my aged father dear,
 As he stood near the bar,
 Likewise my tender mother,
 Her old grey hairs to tear.
 In tearing of her old grey locks,
 These words to me did say—
 "O son! O son! what have you done,
 That you're going to Botany Bay?"

It was on the twenty-eighth of May,
 From England we did steer,
 And all things being safe on board,
 We sail'd down the river clear.
 And every ship that we passed by,
 We heard the sailors say—
 "There goes a ship of clever hands,
 And they're bound for Botany Bay."

There is a girl in Manchester,
 A girl I know full well;
 And if ever I get my liberty,
 Along with her I'll dwell.
 O, then I mean to marry her,
 And no more to go astray;
 I'll shun all evil company,
 Bid adieu to Botany Bay.

This is one of the "murder tunes" which were at one time sung in the streets to various words.

No. 53.

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

Smoothly and not too fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I've

trav-ell'd the wide world all o - ver, . . . And now to an - o - ther I'll

p

go; . . . I know that good quar-ters are wait - ing, . . . To

CHORUS.

wel-come old Ro - sin the beau, . . . To wel-come old Ro - sin the

mf

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'beau, . . . To wel-come old Ro-sin the beau, . . . I'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'know that good quarters are wait-ing . . . To welcome old Ro-sin the beau. . . .'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, ending with a piano (p) marking.

I've travelled the wide world all over,
 And now to another I'll go;
 I know that good quarters are waiting,
 To welcome old Rosin the beau.

Chorus. To welcome old Rosin the beau,
 To welcome old Rosin the beau,
 I know that good quarters are waiting,
 To welcome old Rosin the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
 A voice you will hear from below
 Singing out for some whiskey and water,
 To drink to old Rosin the beau.
 To welcome, &c.

And when I'm laid out then I reckon
 My friends will be anxious, I know,
 Just to lift off the lid of the coffin,
 To peep at old Rosin the beau.
 To welcome, &c.

You must get just a dozen good fellows,
 And stand them all up in a row,
 And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
 To the memory of Rosin the beau.
 To welcome, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
 And let them all staggering go,
 And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
 And in it toss Rosin the beau.
 To welcome, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
 Place them at my head and my toe,
 And mind do not fail to scratch on
 The name of old Rosin the beau.
 To welcome, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
 That cruel, implacable foe,
 Who spares neither age nor condition,
 Nor even old Rosin the beau.
 So welcome, &c.

The popular song, "Wrap me up in my old Stable Jacket," is an adaptation of this old song, which in itself is a modification of a more ancient ditty.

No. 54.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

Joyously.

VOICE. *We*

PIANO. *f* *p*

p leave our homes at break of morn, And cross the lane by briar and thorn; The ver - nal fields their

sweets dis - close, The dew - drops deck the rose. . . .

cres. *f*

The lark now from his nest doth fly And trills his song while

p

soar - ing high, And as he mounts with joy - ous lay, He cheer - i - ly greets the

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

CHORUS.

day. . . . Then fol-low, my lads, to the meadows so gay, then fol-low, my lads, to the

meadows so gay, We'll all go making the new-mown hay, we'll all go making the new - mown hay.

rall.

colla voce.

WE leave our homes at break of morn,
And cross the lane by briar and thorn ;
The vernal fields their sweets disclose,
The dew-drops deck the rose.
The lark now from his nest doth fly,
And trills his song while soaring high,
And as he mounts with joyous lay,
He cheerily greets the day.

Chorus. Then follow, my lads, to the meadows so gay,
We'll all go making the new-mown hay.

The day breaks forth with rosy hue,
The sunbeams kiss the dropping dew,
The westerly wind breathes over the thorn,
And gives a sweet smell to the morn.
Come one, come all, be merry and blithe,
We hear the mower sharpening his scythe,
Then hasten and tumble and toss the hay round
Already laid low on the ground.

Then follow, &c.

The sun mounts on high, and the day grows along,
We lighten our labours with dance and with song,
And perhaps a love story is breathed into ears
That hearken without any fears.
Then under the hedges we make our seat,
All cool and secure from the noontide heat,
And eat our mid-day meal and rest,
And pass the home-spun jest.

Then follow, &c.

There's Tom, there's Dick, there's Nelly, there's Sue,
There's Harry, and Kate, and Barnaby, too ;
They've toiled and milled with a hearty good will,
And now for a time they sit quite still.
But Jacky's perch'd on a cock of hay,
And on his shrill pipe does joyously play,
And all join hands in a jovial ring,
And dance, laugh, and merrily sing.

Then follow, &c.

And when that our labour is over and done,
Then homeward we go by the set of sun,
While thrushes and blackbirds with answering song
We hear as we wander along.
And soon our homesteads stand in sight,
We bid each other fair good night,
To rest refreshed when weary and worn,
Our work to renew in the morn.
To follow, &c.

This is made up of three versions sung in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and Sussex.



NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITIONS

OF

Oratorios, Cantatas, Odes, Masses, &c.

				Paper	Paper	Clash
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Abridged, as used at St. Paul's				1/6	—	—
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MAGNIFICAT	1/0	—	—
GOD GOETH UP WITH SHOUTING	1/0	—	—
GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD	1/0	—	—
GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST (SOL-FA, 0/6)	1/0	—	—
MY SPIRIT WAS IN HEAVINESS	1/0	—	—
O LIGHT EVERLASTING	1/0	—	—
BIDE WITH US	1/0	—	—
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WHEN WILL GOD RECALL MY SPIRIT	1/0	—	—
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SLEEPING BEAUTY (SOL-FA, 1/6)	2/6	3/0	4/0		LORD OF THE ISLES (SOL-FA, 1/6)	2/6	—	—	
RUTH (SOL-FA, 1/6)	4/0	4/6	6/0		ALCESTIS (Male voices)	4/0	—	—	
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J. MAUDE CRAMENT.					HARVEST CANTATA (SOL-FA, 0/6)	1/0	—	—	
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GIDEON	3/6	—	—		THE HOLY CITY (SOL-FA, 1/0)	2/6	3/0	4/0	
FÉLICIEN DAVID.					THE TEN VIRGINS (SOL-FA, 1/0)	2/6	3/0	4/0	
THE DESERT (Male voices)	1/6	2/0	—		ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS (SOL-FA, 1/0)	2/6	3/0	4/0	
P. H. DIEMER.					UNA	2/6	3/0	4/0	
BETHANY	4/0	—	—		(DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0)				
M. E. DOORLY.					THE LEGEND OF THE WOOD (Female voices)... ..	1/0	—	—	
LAZARUS	2/6	—	—		(DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/8)				
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ST. LUDMILA	5/0	6/0	7/6		GLUCK.				
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PATRIOTIC HYMN	1/6	—	—		BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON (137th Psalm)... ..	1/0	—	—	
DITTO (German and Bohemian Words)	3/0	—	—		NGENIA	1/0	—	—	
REQUIEM MASS	5/0	6/0	7/6		THE WATER-LILY (Male voices)	1/6	—	—	
MASS, IN D	2/6	—	—		CH. GOUNOD.				
COMMUNION SERVICE, IN D	2/6	—	—		MORS ET VITA (Latin or English)	6/0	6/6	7/6	
A. E. DYER.					DITTO, SOL-FA (Latin and English)... ..	2/0	—	—	
SALVATOR MUNDI	2/6	—	—		REQUIEM MASS, from "Mors et Vita"	2/6	3/0	—	
ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES	1/6	2/0	—		THE REDEMPTION (English words) (SOL-FA, 2/0)... ..	5/0	6/0	7/6	
H. J. EDWARDS.					DITTO (French Words)	8/4	—	—	
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					THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH	2/0	—	—	
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SCHUBERT.				COMMUNION SERVICE, IN G ...	2/6	—	—
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COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ...	2/0	—	3/6	THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC ...	1/6	—	—
MASS, IN E FLAT ...	2/0	2/6	4/0	H. W. STEWARDSON.			
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ...	2/0	2/6	4/0	GIDEON ...	4/0	—	—
MASS, IN B FLAT ...	1/0	1/6	2/6	J. STORER.			
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